MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER 15 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

I WAS CHURCHILL'S SHADOW
Memoirs of His Bodyguard

THE MASSEYS *By Pierre Berton*

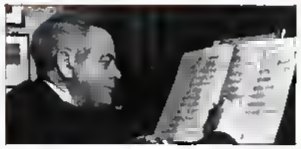
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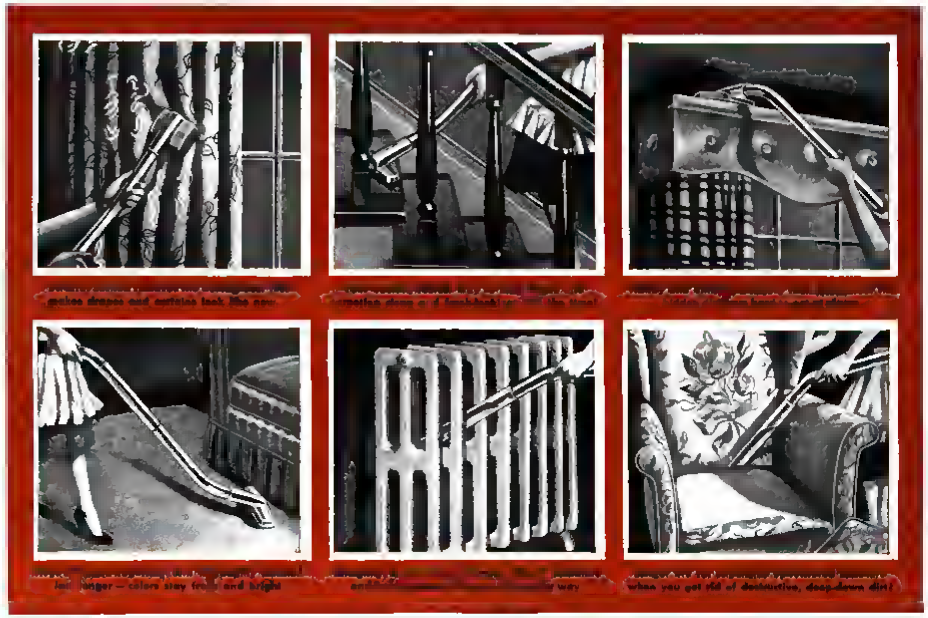
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EDITORIAL

THE CENSORSHIP THAT HELPS THE ENEMY

ANY KIND of censorship is abhorrent to a free society. In peacetime there is seldom any excuse for it whatever. In wartime it can be tolerated only as long as it does the job it was created for: to keep tactical information from the enemy and to prevent the giving of aid and comfort to him.

But when censorship is used to keep distasteful news from the public, especially when the facts are already in enemy hands, censorship becomes a mockery. Worse still, it gives rise to damaging and dangerous rumors which exaggerate and distort the real truth.

Unfortunately this is what appears to have happened in at least one important instance during the Korean campaign. The events of March 17, in the rest camp of the Princess Patricias, were kept from the public for more than five months. The full story is still only imperfectly known and at this writing has not appeared fully in any publication.

The tragedies of March 17 followed hard upon three weeks of stubborn and gallant fighting by the battalion. The aftermath, therefore, was all the more shocking. On that fatal day, four Canadian soldiers went blind and died from drinking a mixture of fruit juice, canned heat and shoe polish. Five more were sent to hospital. On the same day a group of Canadians and British attempted to rape a Korean woman. Beaten off, they killed three Koreans with a grenade and wounded four others.

On March 27, Bill Boss, the Canadian Press correspondent, pieced together the story including the very important fact that the Canadians had taken swift steps to apprehend the culprits and that the commanding officer himself, in a lecture to the entire battalion, had sworn they would not go unpunished.

Boss filed his story in the normal way. It never reached his head office.

Instead the correspondent was subjected to a campaign of vilification from United Nations public relations officers. He was called "subversive" and an abortive attempt was made to oust him from the Korean theatre.

The fate of his actual story is even more peculiar. The chief censor in Korea cleared it for tactical information but passed it to GHQ, Tokyo, for reference to the Canadian Army for "policy clearance." (The fact that there is this double censorship in the Far East—in Korea and Tokyo—is not generally known because references to it have themselves sometimes been censored.) In Tokyo the document was referred to the Canadian Army public relations officer, a man with no training or responsibility for censorship. He refused to have anything to do with it and the copy was sent on to Army GHQ, Ottawa. There it reposes.

The first news of the rape attempt and manslaughter hit Canadians like a cold dousing in August when three soldiers were court martialled for the offense. Long before this the Communist radio in Peiping was making good use of the incident, which had also been reported in South Korean newspapers. As the news that we were making every effort to apprehend and punish the offenders had been suppressed, the Communists had, in effect, a five-month head start on us.

As for the canned heat deaths, Canadians first learned of them in a brief reference in a U. S. newsmagazine in September. Again, here was important information to which the public was entitled. Some of the men involved had civilian records as rubbing alcohol addicts and the public had a right to know that they had been passed as medically fit by army doctors during the hasty recruiting campaign of a year ago. The final irony was to see three of them welcomed as near heroes when they were shipped back this summer to Canada.

The damage done by the suppression of legitimate news isn't easy to repair. In Kaesong recently the Reds were making sweeping statements about UN violations of neutrality. All but one were untrue, but all got denials from the UN. When one charge turned out to have a basis, the earlier denial served to strengthen the wildest Communist charges.

Already this is written in mid-September—there are rumors among the South Koreans of another rape incident and these rumors have drifted to Canada. The Press carries no hint of it but the newspaper reader is entitled, if he chooses, to suspect that this doesn't necessarily mean the rumor is untrue. The only way to stop rumors is to give the public the facts it is entitled to have—and that means all the facts short of those that will profit the enemy. And when there is room for doubt we think experience shows that the enemy can usually make better use of an unpleasant fact denied or suppressed than of an unpleasant fact quickly admitted and honestly atoned for.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Vol. 64 — OCTOBER 15, 1951 — No. 20

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Articles

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A MASSEY. Pierre Berton, 7
I GUARDED WINSTON CHURCHILL. Post Ons, Ex-Canadian Inspector W. H. Thompson, 10
THE HOTTEST SQUARE MILE IN THE WORLD. B. T. Richardson, 14
THE WEST COAST'S WORST DISASTER. A Maclean's Flashback. Jon Nesbitt, 16
HOW TO RAISE TEN KIDS IN SIX ROOMS. Inez Collwood, 18
ONE-MAN POWERHOUSE. Robert Thomas Allen, 20
SHERBROOKE. Frank Hamilton, 22
THE BATTLE TO BEAT LEUKEMIA. Dorothy Sangster, 24

Fiction

YOU LAUGHED AT MY EARTHEN. James Aldridge, 12
FOOTPRINTS ROUND MY HEART. Ronald R. Smith, 26

Departments

EDITORIAL, 2
LETTERS FROM MIDDLE EUROPE. Beverley Baxter, 4
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser, 5
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE, 28
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Conducted by Clyde Gilmour, 30
SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY. Peter Whalley, 56
CANADIANECDOTE. Why Gaba Wept at Saint John, 31
MAILBAG, 33
WIT AND WISDOM, 37
PARADE, 88

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Colour Section (pages 4): Nott & Morrell (17, 20); Everett Roseborough (6); I.N.P. (9); Capitol Press Service (9); Pictorial News (10); Miller (11); Wide World (11); Public Information (11); R. S. Ericson (14-15); CPR (17); Ken Bell (9, 18, 19); H. W. Tallow (20-21); Hugh Franks (22-23).

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"Simple, really! We'd been telling each other how beautiful our baby is. Then George said 'Let's not be too proud—*all* babies are beautiful; can't help but be! Ours may not be movie star material when he's a twenty-year old!'

"We forgot about it then, until we were shopping for a carpet a few days later. It wasn't easy—we just couldn't choose between three or four brands of carpet that seemed attractive.

"That was when George laughed: 'It's like the baby—all *new* carpets are beautiful. They're all lovely in the showroom, but I'll bet there will be a difference after a few years' wear!'

"That made it easy to choose. Because we both remembered how lovely mother's Barrymore is! She bought *that* when *I* was in rompers, and it's still fresh and colorful and soft. Our carpet salesman wasn't surprised to hear that, either! It seems that this is Barrymore's Diamond Jubilee year; they've had 60 years of experience at making better and better carpets. That's why Barrymore is the regular choice of Canada's finest hotels and restaurants and theatres ... for a Barrymore seems to thrive on hard use ...

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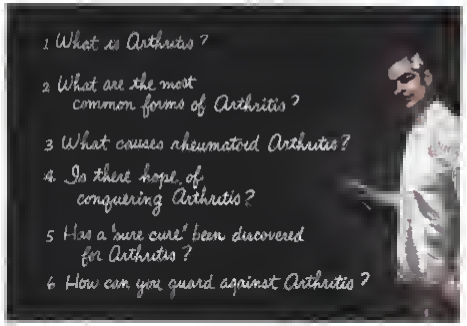
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Can you answer these questions about ARTHRITIS?

1 Q What is Arthritis?

A Arthritis is the term applied to many different diseases affecting the joints of the body. All of the arthritis diseases are characterized by inflammation or swelling of the joints, but these conditions differ widely as to causes, symptoms, and the kind of treatment required. In its various forms, arthritis affects more than 600,000 Canadians. In fact, it is a leading cause of chronic illness in our country today.

2 Q What are the most common forms of Arthritis?

A Of all types of arthritis, the chronic forms *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid* or *atrophic*, are by far the most common. Osteoarthritis is primarily the result of aging, or normal wear-and-tear on the joints. It rarely develops before age 40 and it seldom causes severe crippling. Rheumatoid arthritis is a much more serious disorder. It usually strikes between the ages of 20 and 50, and unless it is properly treated the joints may become permanently damaged.

3 Q What causes rheumatoid Arthritis?

A Although the exact cause of rheumatoid arthritis is unknown, a variety of factors are involved in its onset. In this condition, there is usually evidence of disease of the entire system — such as loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional stress, and nutritional deficiencies. Since many factors may be involved, doctors stress the importance of a *thorough physical examination* of each patient. This is essential to proper diagnosis and treatment, which in all cases must be based upon the patient's *individual* needs.

4 Q Is there hope of conquering Arthritis?

A Yes, indeed! Methods of treatment for all types of arthritis are constantly being improved. The outlook for further advances is now more hopeful than ever before — thanks to research which is yielding new facts about the underlying causes of arthritis, especially the rheumatoid type.

5 Q Has a "sure cure" been discovered for Arthritis?

A No, indeed! Yet, many people are still misled by claims that are made for certain "arthritis cures" or other forms of therapy that are worthless. Authentic emphasize that proper medical care affords the only hope of permanent relief from arthritis. Today about 60 percent of the victims can be greatly benefited *and in some cases completely relieved* if proper treatment is commenced early.

6 Q How can you guard against Arthritis?

A Doctors say there are certain precautions that everyone can take to help prevent arthritis or to lessen the effect if it should occur. Here are some of them: keep weight normal — try to maintain good posture — get sufficient rest, sleep and exercise — eat a balanced daily diet — have regular medical and dental examinations — maintain a calm mental outlook — *see your doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint.*

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DECENT MEALS IN DEVASTATION

THERE is a heavy Wagnerian mist upon the mountain and the air has gone suddenly cold. We have had three days of warm sunshine here in All Aussee and my Austrian friends tell me we must pay for them. A few minutes ago we could watch the sun blazing on the snow-capped glacier but now we can see neither the snow nor the mountains for the storm god is angry.

In the years I have been writing this Letter I have visited the Continent many times and have duly described the tangibles and intangibles — the charm, the misery, the drama, the beauty, as well as the tragedy that existed and the tragedy that was impending.

I was in Berlin when Hitler launched his night of the long knives and with his murder gangs killed hundreds of Nazis who had followed him faithfully from his early beginnings. I was in Vienna just after Hitler had entered in triumph and Vienna crouched in fear and foreboding. On this visit we had also seen the last election in the Sudeten which was the prelude to Hitler's rape of Czechoslovakia.

Then there was January in 1939 when I went to Rome for Chamberlain's visit and attended the great reception at the Palazzo Venezia when fat little Mussolini in a dreadful suit of evening clothes, and his son-in-law Count Ciano — looking like Prince Danilo of the Merry Widow — strutted and posed to the admiration of the guests and to the shouts of *Duce! Duce!* from the mob outside. The future is never easy to read but at least on that occasion I wrote that some day Mussolini would hear the winds howling in Rome and like the Caesar he was aping, he would see the knife pointed at his breast. But by no stretch of imagination could one foresee that he would be murdered in the streets and hung by the leg, together with his mistress, like a carcass in a butcher's shop.

In the winter of 1939-40 I was sent to visit our Air Force units and the Maginot Line. It was the period of the phony war when one could motor in no man's land and not hear a gun fired. The silence was puzzling, awesome, menacing.

When the war was over I went in 1945 with a parliamentary delegation to Germany and saw the frightful devastation of Cologne, Hamburg and Berlin. To feel pity for the Germans was impossible but one could feel pity for mankind that such dreadful things could be. Like people in a nightmare the Germans moved listlessly, hopelessly among the rubble and bowed low to their conquerors.

Then two years later, I went to Nuremberg and saw the surprising up and sentencing of the principal war criminals: the heavy-swaggering Goering, the once dandified Ribbentrop looking older than death, older than sin, the wretched vulgar little Streicher who had waged his own war against the Jews, the stiff dignified generals, Jodl and Keitel, the infamous Seyss-Inquart who rose from an Austrian lawyer to principal butcher of Holland. Again, one could feel no pity except for mankind. By a grotesque freak of irony the Americans put up posters that night for the next film to be shown at the Opera House. It was "Swing Parade of 1946."

So we come to 1951 when with my wife and daughter, I decided to do a motor tour across Europe, ending up with a holiday with some friends in the Austrian Alps. Once more the shadow of war is on Europe — not necessarily a shooting war but almost as grim. What would we find? What story could I bring back this time from the scarred Continent? Would it *Continued on page 32*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

More Money for MPs and Old Folks

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

WHEN the autumn session was announced last June a good many people (including some MPs) thought it was just a device for raising Parliament's pay.

MPs and Senators get $6,000 apiece in an ordinary year. $2,000 expense allowance, tax free, and $4,000 sessional indemnity. Like everybody else they have been pinched by the high cost of living and claim they can't live on their pay. As early as April some of them were proposing an easy unobtrusive way of getting a sixty-six percent increase: call two sessions a year instead of one. With no change in the law (provided the second session runs sixty-five days or more) everybody's income would go up to $10,000.

That's what is actually happening this year, if the session lasts beyond Dec. 14 as it is almost certain to do. It may turn out, as many backbenchers hope to be a firm precedent and a new pattern for the Canadian Parliament. But that's not why the 1951 autumn session was called, and it's not the Government's intention. On the contrary, there's going to be a real effort to make this one the last of its kind.

* * *

OLD AGE pensions, not direct relief for MPs, were the real reason for recalling Parliament. The Government had committed itself to pensions starting Jan. 1, 1952. That meant the legislation couldn't wait until the regular session next January or February. Why couldn't they have passed it before Parliament adjourned in June, as George Drew suggested?

Because, among other things, they didn't want the "contribution" — the extra social-security tax which will help to pay for pensions, to be announced too long before the cheques start coming in. Pensions are popular; taxes are not. The Government wants to be sure of having the former to offset the latter.

If it hadn't been for old-age pensions there would have been no autumn session. But having got itself in for one the Government now proposes to put it to work in no uncertain fashion.

One fairly urgent matter, for instance, is the defiant position of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The Massey Commission has recommended that same way be found to increase CBC income by several million dollars, and the sooner the better.

Another commission has recommended a sweeping set of changes in the Railway Act. That'll bring up the whole question of freight rates on which western and Maritime members can speak for several hours without drawing breath. In an ordinary session both this and the CBC bill would be debated interminably.

Why won't the debate run on just as long in the fall? Because, as one weary bureaucrat remarked, "Thank heaven Christmas is a fixed date!" Even the hardest liar in the CBC, even the most learned of freight rate experts will want to be home for Christmas. Predicting the end of a normal session is a hazardous business even in June, but the end of this one can be forecast already —some time between Dec. 10 and 14.

Continued on page 70



Cartoon by Cranstick

The extra fall session faces a heavy agenda but everyone knows at least when it will end

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On every hand we see the good influence of the Canadian woman. Truly she is the "heart of her home" moulding the character of her children teaching them to think sanely act surely and do a good job for themselves and their country. She is not only contributing to the welfare of her family, but also to the strength of Canada.

The influence of the Canadian woman also extends to the food business where her good housekeeping standards are a challenge to every manufacturer. That is why Weston's are proud that Weston's Bread, Biscuits, Cakes, Candies and other food products have been such consistent favorites with Canadian women for over 60 years.

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A MASSEY

Canada's most famous family started on the road to wealth from a tiny implement forge near Port Hope. From gilded mansions where "theatre" was a naughty word rose a remarkable clan whose sense of showmanship and history produced Abe Lincoln on the stage, the country's greatest music hall, a traffic-stopping Bible class, a headline-making report on culture, and perhaps even our first native governor-general

By PIERRE BERTON
MACLEAN'S ARTICLE EDITOR

STORY STARTS NEXT PAGE ▸▸

Vincent Massey (right), head of the family, with his elder son Lionel and his daughter-in-law

FAMILY MONUMENTS



Fred Victor Massey, who died at twenty-two, left his name on this mission on Toronto's Queen St



In Massey Hall the country's biggest music hall nearly 2,500 can listen to the world's best artists.



The Massey-Harris plant from which machines marched all over the earth, making Canada known

Hart House University of Toronto is sometimes called Vincent Massey's "Gothic sermon in stone."



NO CANADIAN FAMILY, past or present, has had a more profound impact upon the nation than the great House of Massey, whose monuments are graven out of enduring clay.

They are as solid, these monuments, as the early Masseys themselves, who were Methodist pioneers with hard lines about the mouth and a hard glitter about the eyes. They are as varied as the younger Masseys whose activities now run the gamut from soap company president to disk jockey.

Taken together, they symbolize the heady brew of showmanship, culture, old time religion, hard business sense and national spirit which has made the Masseys a moving force in Canada for five generations.

For showmanship there is the incredible Moorish pile of Massey Hall, squatting in obese grandeur among the tradesmen of Toronto's Shuter Street.

For culture there is the granite face of Hart House, whose Gothic tower graces the campus of the University of Toronto.

For old-time religion there is the austere oblong of the Fred Victor Mission, frowning its reproof among the laundries and rooming houses of Toronto's lower-Jarvis Street where Massey carriages once rolled beneath long lines of stately elms.

For hard business sense there is the one hundred-and-thirty-five-million-dollar industrial colossus of Massey-Harris, the century-old farm implement company now no longer in Massey hands but whose roots are quite literally deep in the Canadian soil.

And for national spirit there is the red, white and blue of the two - hundred - thousand - word Massey Report on the Arts, Letters and Sciences, as unorthodox a state document as was ever tabled before a house of commons.

Although it is the fusion of many talents the new lumeux Report bears the unmistakable imprint of the man for whom it is popularly named, Vincent Massey, a lean, ascetic figure with the hands of a concert pianist and the long, melancholy features of a Savonarola. The head of the Massey dynasty he is also its prelate. If his fine Canadian hand is to be seen throughout the Report's four hundred pages, so are the shadowy hands of his father. The showmanship of his Uncle Walter is in the gay cover and the journalistic turns of phrase. The religion of his father Chester is in the quotations from the evangelical saints Paul and Augustine. The stern sense of duty of his Aunt Lillian and Susan is in the personal choice of typeface and careful redesign of the coat of arms. The practical business sense of his great-grandfather Daniel is in the recommendations. And the Made-in-Canada approach of his grandfather Hart is implicit in the entire volume.

A Sense of Hero Worship

If family traits endure it is because the Masseys are a cohesive group, banded together, as the Forsytes were, by strong characteristics. There is a family resemblance in all of them: the big head, the heavy brow, the deep eyes, the high cheek bones, the prominent nose, the stubborn lower lip. The early Masseys all looked a bit like Lincoln who was born as they were in a pioneer's log cabin. Chester Vincent's father, was a Lincoln scholar and this plus the family likeness, was useful to his second son Raymond who starred in Abe Lincoln in Illinois on Broadway in 1938-39. One of Raymond's most effective bits of business in the play was the act of absent-mindedly catching flies as he discoursed on his front veranda. Raymond had watched his father do it many times on his veranda years before.

Though the Masseys keep a granite face to the watching world the ferment of family sentiment is within them all. "Do you know that you can hate a family and love them both at the same time!" exclaimed one of the younger Masseys the other day in a most un-Masseylike burst of intimacy. Genuine tears welled up in Raymond's eyes when describing his brother Vincent to a reporter last year. "I feel a definite sense of hero worship for him," he said. As children Vincent and his cousin Ruth were so close they went into mourning after a quarrel: she with a black bow in her hair, he with a black cravat. The family sentiment goes right back to Daniel founder of the Canadian clan. In the midst of clearing his land the hard old pioneer sat down to write a tender little poem welcoming his new daughter-in-law to the homestead.

A century of breeding has brought to them the poise of the aristocracy. This has occasionally been demonstrated under trying circumstances. Raymond as a gangling youth was once hurled through the windshield of his motorcycle, to emerge bathed in blood on the sandstone at Jarvis Street. "Have you had an accident?" a passerby enquired. "No," replied Raymond, in what some consider the best line he ever delivered. "I'm going fishing."

His cousin Denton tells a story about Vincent carving a turkey at a private dinner for John Buchan shortly before Buchan became Governor-General. Vincent is not the best of carvers and when the turkey slipped to the floor, platter and all, Vincent, as Denton says, removed his coat, hung it neatly over his chair and continued to carve the turkey on the floor, asking his guests whether they preferred the white or the dark.

Denton Stopped All Traffic

These minor family traits are overshadowed by a major one: the astonishing sense of the theatrical that has touched so many of the Masseys young and old. There are four of them in the fifth generation. Vincent Tovelle a producer announcer for UN radio, Susan Fletcher a monologuist, disk jockey and Hollywood bit player Dorothy Jane Goulding of the CBC's Kindergarten of the Air, and young Walter Massey who recently won the best actor award of the Intercollegiate Drama Festival.

There are four in the preceding generation. It is a Massey jest that Raymond, Vincent and Denton are all great actors, but Raymond is the only legitimate one. Denton's sister, Mrs. Arthur Goulding, has directed the Toronto Children's Players a nationally known juvenile dramatic group, for eighteen years. Denton himself stopped traffic in Toronto in the Thirties when he put his York Bible Class on the radio. Vincent acted amateur theatrical roles at Hart House for seven years, playing everything from burglar to pontiff and, according to critics who praised him, submerging his personality completely in his stage character. The same critics were less kind when brother Raymond brought his first play to Toronto. It went on to smashing Broadway success and Raymond repeated by calling Toronto critics "morons."

Vincent has since left the theatre for a broader stage but his recent Royal Commission colleague, Father Georges-Henri Lévesque muses: "I'm wondering if he really isn't still a better actor than his brother." He is still an excellent mimic—Churchill is a favorite—and the Victorian parlor game of charades has been an annual Christmas rite in his household as it was in his father's.

All this is startling in the light of the Massey background. For the Masseys have been Puritans and Methodists since the days of John Wesley and Plymouth Rock. In the rococo Massey mansions of the Nineties, "theatre" was a naughty word, dancing a sin and wine a mocker.

Daniel Massey all but lost his first harvest when he balked at the traditional preface of serving whisky to farm hands. His grandsons Walter and Fred Victor actually made an old Temperance cliché come true when, parched with thirst on the Sahara Desert, they stiffly refused the only liquid available because it was wine and stuck it out to the next oasis.

Methodist families, as the Masseys helped give Toronto its sombre Sunday. Vincent as a boy wasn't allowed to ride his bicycle on the Sabbath nor could his cousin Dorothy put so much as a roll of Brahms on the self playing electric organ. Servants and family assembled for morning and evening prayers, Bible class and Sunday school.

As for the theatre, *Continued on page 71*

FINE SHOWMANSHIP HAS ALWAYS MARKED THE MASSEYS



Founder Daniel was the image of Lincoln. He wrote poems, and founded a dynasty.



His son, Hart, built lavish Massey Hall—still the biggest music hall in the country.



Chester, Hart's son was a mixture of music critic, and historiographical bus-driver on city rides.



All this lore from in Chester's sons. Raymond played Abraham Lincoln on Broadway and Vincent, as an apprehended burglar with cap in hand, won good notices in a Hart House amateur production.



Vincent moved on to a larger stage: his gaily packaged Report on the Arts has won a national audience.





Vincent's Uncle Walter thundered for Canadianism (and Massey goods) in magazines and in lavish parades.







Walter's boy, Denton, packed Maple Leaf Gardens for his Bible class.



Denton's sister Dorothy has been producing plays all her life. Two of her daughters are also in show business. Dorothy Jane (with dog) is radio's Kindergarten Lady, Susan is a monologuist of note.





I GUARDED WINSTON CHURCHILL

"I do not intend to be taken alive," Churchill told his bodyguard during World War II. And he kept his Colt .45 in easy reach. But his disregard of danger made the job of protecting him one of the most delicate old Scotland Yard ever tackled

BY
EX-DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR
W. H. THOMPSON

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS



THE TELEGRAM arrived on August 22, 1939. It was terse, like all his urgent commands: MEET ME CROYDON AERODROME 4.30 P.M. WEDNESDAY—CHURCHILL.

It was a strange order for a grocer. For I was no longer Detective-Inspector Thompson of Scotland Yard. I had retired from the force in 1936 and the following year opened a grocery business at Beulah Hill, Norwood, south of London. I was in the shop when I opened the telegram.

During my police service I had acted as personal detective to many famous men, including David Lloyd George. For eleven years—between 1921 and 1932—I had been Winston Churchill's bodyguard and now some of the experiences through which we had passed together flashed once more through my mind. I remembered his tour as Secretary of State for Air through Egypt and the Middle East with the great Lawrence of Arabia. How we had met the uncanny Russell Pasha, who knew more about the dope trade than any man living and whose name was respected and feared in the underworld of five continents. I recalled the days of the Irish troubles when Churchill, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, was in daily danger of assassination from the Sinn Feiners, dangerous men at any time but now provoked beyond endurance by the work of the Black and-Tans. I recalled the tragic day in Dundee when I stood by his side as he learnt that he had lost his seat in Parliament to a Prohibitionist. We had been to Italy together while Winston sized up Mussolini. I was with him in New York as he lay near to death's door in 1932 after being run over in the street by a motor car.

All this and much more came back to me.

So I was at Croydon Aerodrome the next afternoon full of excitement and curiosity. The Paris plane came in and out bounded Mr. Churchill. He was looking fit and full of energy as usual but his expression was grim. All he said was: "Hallo Thompson. Nice to see you. Get the baggage together and bring it on to Chartwell."

While History Swirled Around

When at last he called me into conference at his country house in Kent he told me that war might break out at any moment. "The Germans believe I am one of their most formidable enemies," he said abruptly. "They will not stop short of assassination."

He went on to tell me how a leading French statesman had warned him that his life was in danger. He had immediately cancelled a visit to the Duke of Windsor in the South of France and flown back to Britain.

"I can look after myself in the daytime," he said. "Will you protect me at night?"

I agreed gladly. Churchill offered to pay me five pounds a week as his bodyguard in a purely private capacity. He gave me his Colt automatic to use—and I may say with pride that I am the only man Mr. Churchill has allowed to handle his guns. He is a first class shot and takes a jealous pride in his personal armoury.

Then on Saturday, Aug. 26, a state of emergency was declared. Reservists of the Army, Navy and Air Force were being recalled to their units and for my part I reported in London for police duties.

When I got back to the shop at Norwood, the telephone was ringing. I picked up the receiver. It was the Old Man himself.

"I have already been through to the Commissioner," he said. "You will now come to me officially."

And so, a week before the war broke out, I was back at my old job as Winston Churchill's shadow. For the next six years I was to remain at his side while history swirled around his portly figure, countries were won and lost and he strode through great dangers and great decisions to an imperishable place in the annals of mankind. Of these events and of his official and now well-recorded part in them I do not intend to speak at length in these articles. I think the best way in which I can add to the world's

Continued on page 78



MALTA

Thompson (■) guarded Churchill for eighteen years. With Gen. Lord Gort they see Malta in 1943.



WASHINGTON

Churchill addresses Congress in Dec., 1941. Any ostentatious security measures irritated him.



ENGLAND

Eisenhower, Churchill and Bradley test new carbines in 1944. Churchill was a first-class shot.



OTTAWA

Churchill leaves a cabinet meeting with Mackenzie King in 1943. He approved of the Mounties.



CASABLANCA

With Roosevelt, Winston leaves his well-guarded villa. Outside England he was more careful.

YOU LAUGHED AT MY FATHER

In the dusty Australian bush town Poor Tom's ragged son was a figure of fun and mockery. But a day came when he tasted the bitter sweetness of a boy's revenge

By JAMES ALDRIDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM WINTER



POOR TOM LAY asleep in the dirt of his wood cart and the street-corner larrikins pelted him with gravel from the road. Poor Tom's son, Edgar, was hiding across the dusty street waiting for the stoning to cease so that he could come out and take his father home.

Edgar looked out over the Post Office veranda, unable to face the pelting and the mockery with his father whose unhappy face was perfectly relaxed in its stricken sleep. Edgar watched the stones landing all over his father and he was anxious to save him, for he knew that sooner or later a fair sized stone would hit Poor Tom on the face and leave a scar and a memory. Edgar wanted to get him out of this before any of it punctuated his intelligence.

Edgar could see the three youths leaning against the veranda posts of the Prince Hotel. He knew they were waiting for him to come out in his bare feet so that they could have the stones biting the ground around his toes, making him dance and hop. It was a favorite game of Ozzie Old, and it was Ozzie who was out there with little Pat Murphy. They were both a little drunk.

"Drop one in his mouth," Ozzie was saying to his friend. "Three-to-one on," said Ozzie, "that you can't hit Poor Tom's Adam's apple. Two-to-one for his belly button, and even money the rest of him."

"Poor Tom!" they sang out, and Edgar knew that he could wait no longer. Soon Pat Murphy would start pelting the cart horse. Weary, and if that failed to stir the patient beast, Pat or Ozzie would walk over and kick her in the flanks, sending her bolting down the street.

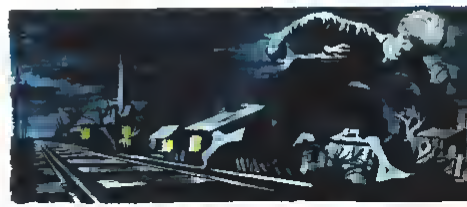
The laughter and the terror of that spectacle got the better of Edgar's fears. He came out from under the Post Office steps, his courage screwed up to make a dash for his father's salvation.

"Billie Edgar," someone said before he could run for it. "I see your father is drunk, eh?"

It was Mr. Poole the Postmaster. Edgar stopped and said, "Yes, Mr. Poole."

"Your old man's mad, Edgar," said Mr. Poole. "Isn't he's not a drinking man. What makes him come into town and get so paralytic every six or seven months? Eh?"

"I don't know, Mr. Poole," Edgar said, his eye on Ozzie.



"Why doesn't he speak to anyone these days?" Mr. Poole said to the barefooted boy, who hopped on one foot and then the other, his eye across the street. "Never says a word to anyone. What's the matter with him? Eh?"

"I don't know," said Edgar.

"Why don't you go and drive him home?" Mr. Poole told Edgar whose courage had gone again. He was reluctant to move an inch. "These larrikins will have his eye out. Go on!"

"I'm going," Edgar replied, hurt now because he had been told to go, angered by Mr. Poole, who was usually a cynical bystander to the town's mockery of his father. Yet this had to end, and as Edgar decided that great damage would someday be done to Mr. Poole (along with the remainder of the town) he stepped out across the street.

Pat and Ozzie saw him as he came around a peppercorn tree in an attempt to creep up on the cart from behind. As they saw him they shouted: "Here's Edgar. Come and get your father, Edgar!"

They danced on their larrikin heels, gramacing and threatening Edgar. Ozzie was ugly enough to pull a desperate face, but Pat was a pale and yellow youth of horse sweat and billiard rooms, a jockey figure who depended upon Ozzie's pink face and broad beam to succour and protect him. Ozzie watched Edgar coming and by the cock of his grin and the hidden hand it was clear that a shower of stones would follow. As Ozzie let fly, Edgar tried to leap out of the way, but the pinging gravel caught his toes and his ankles, and each time he saw them throw the stones, he leaped with his legs up.

"Cut it out, Ozzie!" Edgar cried at him. "Aw, cut it out!"

Pat began to play imaginary bagpipes now as Edgar leaped again and again, but Edgar was getting nearer to the wood cart, and he didn't mind the stoning so much as the laughter of all the men who had come out of the hotel bar. They were leaning on the veranda rails, barracking Ozzie and Pat and laughing at Poor Tom and his son.

"Leave me alone," Edgar

Continued on page 57



Under the humpland between Ace Lake and Beaverlodge (foreground) five hundred air miles to the north of Edmonton, lies enough uranium to make Geiger counters ring like telephone bells. Here Uranium City will be built

THE HOTTEST SQUARE MILE IN THE WORLD

Geologists, miners and construction men are already swarming over a chunk of Saskatchewan's rock-and-water wilderness, bringing in the first of the big new uranium mines which could give Canada world leadership and fantastic wealth in the coming atomic age



By B. T. RICHARDSON

PHOTOS BY R. S. BANSON

IN THE TWISTED precambrian humpland of rock and water that makes a lonely wilderness of northern Saskatchewan there are two little ponds of lakes one called Beaverlodge and the other called Ace, which are destined to become household names. For the hillside between them probably encompasses the hottest square mile in the world and it is here that a new kind of Canadian boom town is planned. Its name: Uranium City, Sask.

Here the government-controlled Ace Mine promises already to double or triple Canada's uranium output. It is destined to eclipse Eldorado, the original uranium mine on Great Bear Lake, and it is expected to rank second only to the great Shinkolobwe mine on the panhandle of the Belgian Congo. It will affect Canada's industrial, political and military future as has no single geological strike in the country's history. It will produce enough ore to put this country in the forefront of the coming atomic revolution. And it will pose us one mighty problem: now that we have the second largest potential source of uranium on the globe—perhaps even the largest—what are we going to do with it? Shall we continue simply to ship the raw ore to the United States? Or shall we begin to process it here for the atomic furnaces that an industrial country in the new age must have?

Canada's economic future is vested in this wild mist-shrouded lakeland under whose tough crust lie tens of millions of dollars' worth of the new ore. Neither the recent discoveries of oil in Alberta, the development of iron mines in Labrador-Quebec, nor the building of the St. Lawrence Seaway will in the end mean as much. There is no doubt about the richness of the ore in the Beaverlodge Lake area. It is patched and pocketed bacon-strip fashion with lol and lean areas of pitchblende. One three-foot vein in the Ace mine shows ore worth thirty four dollars a ton running for three hundred and thirty feet. Another is fifteen feet wide and worth forty eight dollars a ton. One unbelievable drill hole was cut through ore worth more than four hundred and seventeen dollars a ton. One large deposit proved as hot as uranium can come—an ancient gravel pile worth one hundred thousand dollars.

Athabaska Is a Shining Streak

Small wonder that the government's Eldorado Company will have eight million dollars invested here by 1953 when the first ore starts coming up the main shaft of the rate of five hundred tons a day. And this shaft (called Fay after a prospector's girl friend) is being cut to handle no eventual two thousand tons of ore a day.

I have just returned from the ore fields, five hundred air miles northeast of Edmonton. At first glance from an airplane Beaverlodge Lake might be any one of a thousand in this country of dark blue water, spruce clad shorelines and rounded ice-age rocks. Almost every valley holds a crystal lake stained with brown muskeg water. Beaverlodge is a hundred miles off the main route of air travel into the Mackenzie River region, but that defect was remedied by a new air strip at Ace Mine which opened for heavy air traffic from the south late in July.

At Edmonton airport Ali Caywood, chief pilot of the Eldorado Company, gave me the flight plan when we boarded his DC-3. We would stop at McMurray and then fly to the Fort Smith air strip. Here we would transfer to a Norseman on pontoons for a hop of a hundred and thirty five miles eastward, doubling back to cut across the boundary of Saskatchewan. That would put us down at the front door of Ace Mine.

There is a sharp change of landscape when one enters the Lake Athabaska country from the west. The flat forested plain through which the Athabaska, the Peace and the Slave Rivers meander northward to the Mackenzie and the Arctic turns abruptly into the precambrian land of rock and water. The long expanse of Lake Athabaska comes into view on the right, a shining streak on the horizon with its long sand beaches on the distant shore making yellow

Continued on page 38



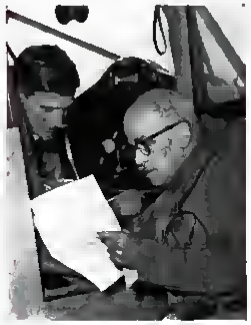
Bush pilot Johnny Nesbitt, part-time prospector, staked a claim in 1945



E B Gillanders mine manager hopes to hit two thousand ore tons a day



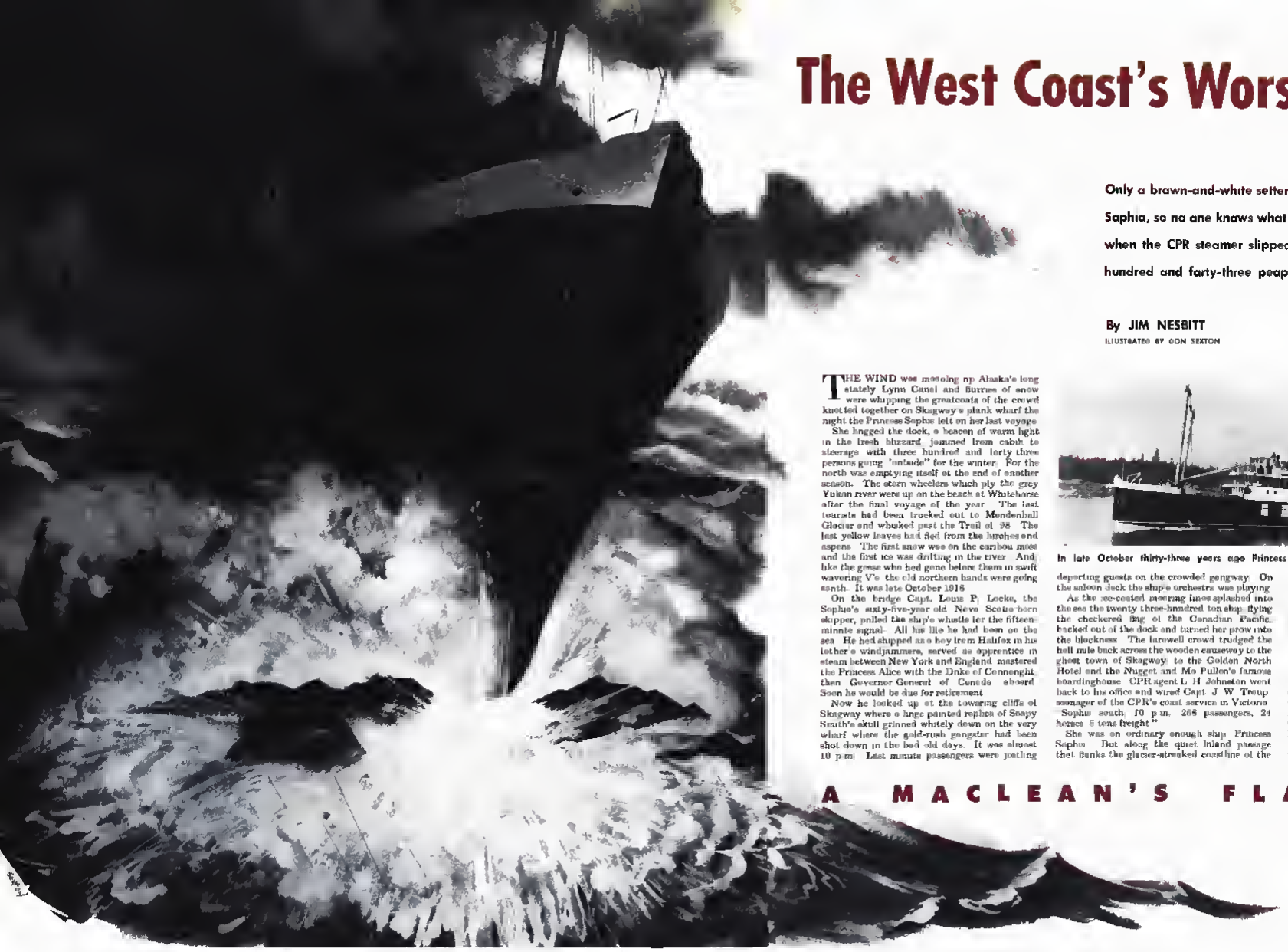
Bob Sexsmith, project chief, won't let Uranium City be a shanty town



Bill Hacker (at left), head explorer for Eldorado, and geologist B Alley



For twenty miles around the great Beaverlodge strike the country is blanketed with claims. All uranium ore mined must be sold to the Federal Government



The West Coast's Worst Disaster

Only a brawn-and-white setter survived the tragedy of the Princess Sophia, so no one knows what happened in those last terrible hours when the CPR steamer slipped off Vanderbilt Reef and took three hundred and forty-three people to death in icy Alaskan waters

By JIM NESBITT

ILLUSTRATED BY DON SEXTON

THE WIND was moaning up Alaska's long stately Lynn Canal and flurries of snow were whipping the greatcoats of the crowd knotted together on Skagway's plank wharf the night the Princess Sophia left on her last voyage.

She hugged the dock, a beacon of warm light in the fresh blizzard, jammed from cabin to steerage with three hundred and forty three persons going "outside" for the winter. For the north was emptying itself at the end of another season. The stern wheelers which ply the grey Yukon river were up on the beach at Whitehorse after the final voyage of the year. The last tourists had been trucked out to Mendenhall Glacier and whisked past the Trail of '98. The last yellow leaves had fled from the birches and aspens. The first snow was on the caribou moss and the first ice was drifting in the river. And, like the geese who had gone before them in swift wavering V's, the old northern hands were going south. It was late October 1918.

On the bridge Capt. Louis P. Locke, the Sophia's sixty-five-year old Nova Scotia-born skipper, pulled the ship's whistle for the fifteen-minute signal. All his life he had been on the sea. He had shipped as a boy from Halifax in his father's windjammers, served as apprentice in steam between New York and England, mastered the Princess Alice with the Duke of Connaught, then Governor General of Canada, aboard. Soon he would be due for retirement.

Now he looked up at the towering cliffs of Skagway where a huge painted replica of Soapy Smith's skull grinned whitely down on the very wharf where the gold-rush gangster had been shot down in the bad old days. It was almost 10 p.m. Last minute passengers were jostling departing guests on the crowded gangway. On the saloon deck the ship's orchestra was playing.

As the ice-coated mooring lines splashed into the sea the twenty three-hundred ton ship flying the checkered flag of the Canadian Pacific backed out of the dock and turned her prow into the blackness. The farewell crowd trudged the half mile back across the wooden causeway to the ghost town of Skagway to the Golden North Hotel and the Nugget and Ma Pullen's famous boardinghouse. CPR agent L. H. Johnston went back to his office and wired Capt. J. W. Troup, manager of the CPR's coast service in Victoria:

Sophia south, 10 p.m., 268 passengers, 24 horses 5 tons freight."

She was an ordinary enough ship, Princess Sophia. But along the quiet inland passage that flanks the glacier-streaked coastline of the Alaskan panhandle her name still evokes a shudder. No ship will ever be called Sophia again.

Everyone on board, it seemed, knew everyone else. There was Jack Chisolm, a rugged Klondyke logging operator and his pretty wife, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sehgers who ran the Yukoner Hotel on Front Street—the old "Dance-Hall Row" of Dawson City. There was Edward S. Fresnada, collector of customs at Dawson, with his ageing mother who had gone north that summer to visit him. Now he would spend Christmas with his family at Owen Sound, Ont., for the first time in years. There was William O'Brien, member of the Yukon Council, with his wife and five children, and big powerful William Scouse of Seattle who was credited with hoisting the

Continued on page 51

In late October thirty-three years ago Princess Sophia left Skagway on her last voyage

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK



The oldest child Frances gives baby Denise a bath. Sometimes she helps out as sitter.



After dinner the Teskey boys all pitch in at the sink. There's blackboard for homework.



Margot (left) and Penny ring up their savings on cash registers. Each child has one.

Frank and Helen Teskey don't think there's anything remarkable about having ten children under fifteen in the city and they'd welcome more. Their secret is a smooth mixture of love and discipline. Chores go as fast as a quart of ice cream when sister helps with the baby and the boys grab dish towels



The Teskeys use eight quarts a day. Mrs. Teskey buys the best of food; saves on doctors' bills.

HOW TO RAISE TEN KIDS IN SIX ROOMS

By JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

Frank Teskey relaxes after work. The family (from left): Roly the dog, Paul, Jimmy, Bob, Margot, Penny, Greg, Joan (at Dad's shoulder), Frances, Denise.



THIS Frank Teskey lives in Toronto and he's got a good job. He's not in the Cadillac class by any means, but he can go out most days and buy a roast of beef. He also has a house with three bedrooms, a car, a piano and ten children.

"There's just two things the matter with having a big family," he says. "Your furniture always looks a little worn and you can't keep a lawn. You just CAN'T keep a lawn." These grave problems don't discourage Frank and Helen Teskey but they feel their friends should understand what they can expect in trying to raise ten children in a city.

People who go into the Teskey home thinking that having ten children would be like having ten millstones come out convinced they are ten blessings instead. Each of the Teskey children—the oldest is fourteen—is handsome, intelligent, healthy and so well behaved that some stories about them have almost become legends among their friends.

Once at a Christmas party attended by close to three hundred children someone noticed eight of the Teskey children sitting on the floor with their backs to a wall. They were eating ice cream; the other two hundred and ninety children were eating ice cream—and crying for more, eating ice cream—and wiping their spoons in their hair, eating ice cream—and shouting for joy. In the sea of confusion the Teskeys were an island of serenity.

Suddenly their father appeared. "Time to go," he said as he elbowed his way by with an armful of door prizes. His older children set down their empty dixie cups, went to the check room and came back with all the snowsuits and boots. Then they helped the smaller ones into their heavy clothes, got dressed themselves and waited for their father. Mothers of one or two children, who were busy trying to *find* their offspring, watched with amazement as the Teskeys quietly filed out.

Frank and Helen Teskey know they can depend on their children. Because they can rely on them to behave they take all the children out to dinner on occasion, take them all to church without incident from the time they are two weeks old and also take them to the local movie. Nine of the ten saw Cheaper by the Dozen, a movie about a family with twelve children.

A recent visitor to

Continued on page 82



At Toronto's St. Anselm's the Teskeys visit with Father Caulfield. Because they can depend on good behavior they take them all to church.



Deagle warns visitors "Don't touch!", but nobody dares go near the clutter of switches.

ONE-MAN POWERHOUSE

Anyone in Whitefish Falls who has twins gets a year's free lighting from John Deagle's hydro station. In his tempestuous eighty-three years he has survived shocks both electric and economic, and he's still fighting his own war of independence against the big outfits



A few months older than his pal Leslie Eaton, Deagle likes to refer to him as "My boy."



Mrs. White's coffee shop is a Deagle customer. He charges under four cents per kilowatt hour.



In earlier years Deagle forged his own pipes, built his generators, put up his own poles.



"... school and churches get free lighting. "And because it's free they waste it," he says.



Spry Deagle until recently ran his show alone, he still walks his rusting penstocks.

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

PHOTOS BY D. W. LEITCH

FOR TWENTY YEARS the residents of Whitefish Falls, a sparse, lonely logging settlement north of the scrubby rock-ridged shore of Lake Huron opposite Manitoulin Island, have purchased their electric power from a cranky old man with a long white beard named John Deagle, who at eighty-three, looks like a sharp-featured Santa Claus in a blue cardigan and a punched-in felt hat. Until a few months ago, when his family insisted on hiring a man to live with him, Deagle ran his power plant single-handed, walking his forty-two-inch penstocks, checking his ramshackle dam, repairing equipment, servicing transmission lines, reading meters, charging, collecting and briskly and eloquently holding his own in a life-long war with the age of big corporations. Deagle is still fighting old battles that took place back in the heyday of unrestricted private enterprise, when the production and sale of electric power was a lusty free-for-all. His arch-enemy is still the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, a name that makes him bristle like an old pensioner at the sound of a bugle.

"If the Hydro were here," he says, waving a knobby hand toward his plant, "they'd have seventeen men on the job, all collecting salaries and getting in one another's way. All I spend is fifty-seven cents a year for a gallon of oil."

There is something in what Deagle says, although he is apt to hop nimbly over such items as cost of his own time, depreciation, repairs and other expenditures; but the way he says it is misleading. The publicly owned Hydro serves, at cost, eleven hundred and thirty-two municipalities in Ontario, using sixty-four hydraulic generating stations and six emergency stations, and is expanding as it anticipates new communities asking for Hydro service. But until the economics of a community has reached a certain point for the Hydro to go in with a modern, fully serviced plant, would be like a householder hiring a power shovel to turn over his petunia patch.

Besides Ontario Hydro and municipally owned plants there are approximately sixty-two privately owned plants in Ontario, ranging in size up to such plants as those operated by Abitibi Power and Paper and the International

Continued on page 66



"My boy," says Deagle. "If you want to be independent, run your own power station."



"I wasn't very much for girls — too busy. But must say I had a knack for mechanics."



"Shaving? It takes too much time. I've never taken a drink or smoked — yet."



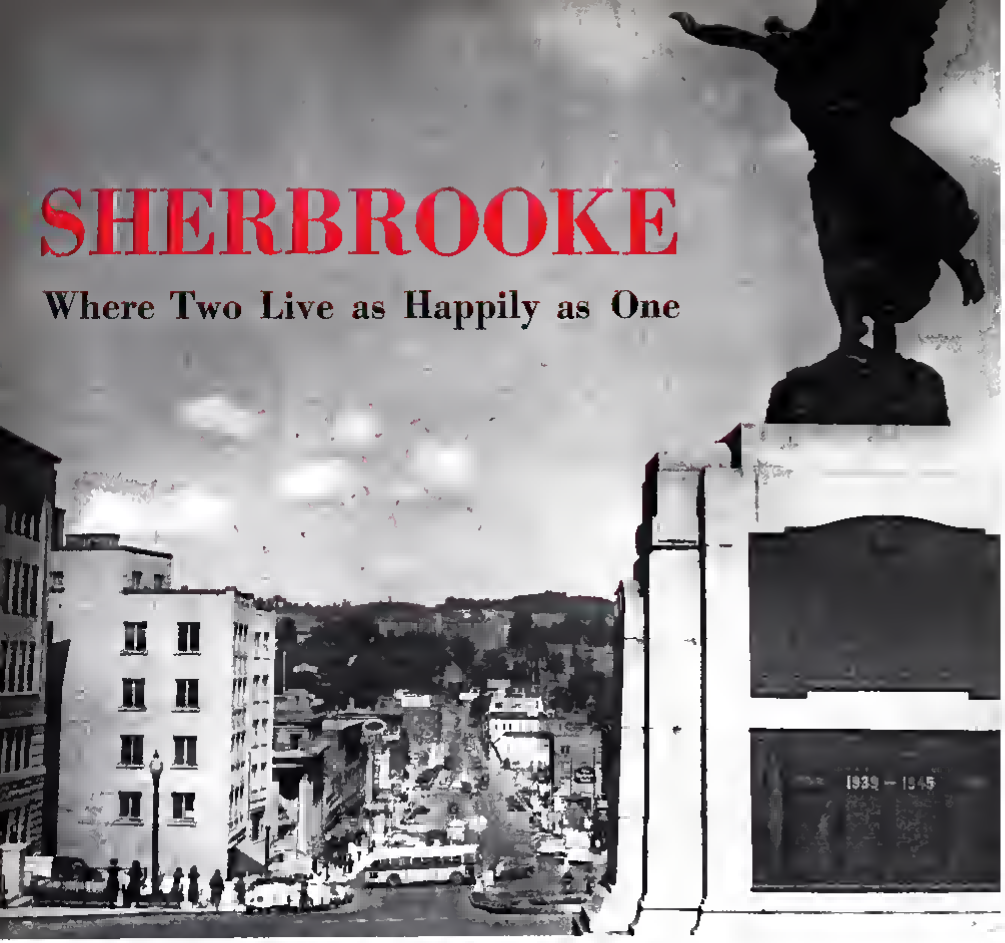
"You'd be real surprised at just how stupid mankind can be about water power."



"I spend fifty-seven cents a year for a gallon of oil. One good man is enough."

SHERBROOKE

Where Two Live as Happily as One



A bilingual war memorial overlooks Sherbrooke's King Street. Quebec's fifth city was named in 1818 after a governor who fought to establish equality for all Canadians.

Sherbrookers blow a hearty bilingual raspberry to those who say that French and English can't share a city in harmony. Their *bonne entente* is reflected in rich industrial growth and in such little things as a Catholic church giving the Protestant church down the street a new carpet

By FRANK HAMILTON

PHOTOS BY HUGH FRANKEL

FOR LONGER than any citizen of Sherbrooke can remember the most important factor in the daily life of Quebec's fifth city has always been the *bonne entente*. It is taught to Sherbrookers at their mothers' knees, it is explained to them in church and school, and it is forever currored in their actions.

The *bonne entente* is simply a name for mutual understanding and good will between the city's French Catholics and English Protestants. But it is the most influential and respected force in this mountain-ringed capital of the Eastern Townships. Sherbrookers speak of it as though it were a living thing and, indeed, it is everywhere in evidence.

It is the French-speaking cop on the main corner of King and Wellington Streets calling traffic directions in English; the English-speaking businessman addressing a French-speaking associate in French. It is Protestants cheering the St. Jean Baptiste Day parade, Catholics cheering the St. George's Day parade. It is La Tribune defending the rights of the English-speaking; The Sherbrooke Record defending the rights of the French speaking. And it is the children of both languages playing together, talking together and growing up together as friends.

Here two traditions and two cultures live side by side in friendship, harmony and co-operation. The differences of language, religion and custom are not barriers that segregate, but bridges that unite. For in Sherbrooke each group has learned to understand and respect the characteristics of the other; each group has assimilated some of the qualities of the other, and each has developed a rare tolerance toward the failings of the other.

"The secret," explains Alphonse Saumier, secretary of the Board of Trade, "is that each group safeguards the rights of the other. With each trying to make the other happy, both are happy."

Last year citizen Paul Leclerc set out to raise ten thousand dollars to build a modest illuminated cross on the heights above Sherbrooke. English Protestant Sherbrookers were among the first and biggest contributors.

"It started out as a French Catholic project," recalls Presbyterian R. C. Scott, "but in Sherbrooke every campaign of any group of citizens soon becomes a community effort. The cross would make our French-speaking neighbors happy, so we were for it. Together we pushed the fund to fifteen thousand dollars. Then we got the city to pay for the foundation, land, electricity, upkeep and a road to the top of the mountain. We figured that if we helped our French-speaking friends make it the biggest illuminated cross in the world, they'd be even happier. They were. And we were too."

Today the huge steel-and-neon tubing Cross of Christianity bathes the city from dusk to dawn with a red glow, to many a symbol of the motivating idea behind Sherbrooke's *bonne entente*. Some Sherbrookers, however, tend to give a simpler explanation. "It's just community spirit and respect for your neighbor's opinions and beliefs," says grocer Pierre Bélanger, a third-generation citizen. "It's only common courtesy and fair play," says Winnipeg-born trucker Bill Morrison, a Sherbrooker for seventeen years. An Anglican minister from New York, Rev. J. Wilson Winant, gives it a deeper interpretation. "It is Christianity in action, the teachings of the Bible, which many read and many preach but so few really live."

Contrary to popular opinion, Sherbrooke is not evenly divided. It started out one hundred and fifty-five years ago as an English Protestant settlement; now it is more French Catholic than Montreal. The population of fifty-four thousand is eighty-six percent Canadien, eighty-eight percent Roman Catholic. Yet Sherbrooke remains as different from other Quebec cities as Prime Minister St. Laurent (who went to school in Sherbrooke) is from Premier Duplessis (who did not). Certainly anywhere else in Quebec the election of an English Protestant mayor in preference to a French Catholic supported by the Church would be an improbable man-bites-dog event. It happened in Sherbrooke last year but not because of politics, platform or popularity. It was simply an English-speaking citizen's turn to be mayor. Since 1885 French and English mayors have alternated in office every two years. This tradition is the most famous example of the *bonne entente* in action.

French and English never fought on Sherbrooke soil. The only battle on the site occurred in 1759 between the Abekanis Indians and Rogers' Rangers, famed Indian fighters and the subject of a recent technicolor movie. (The Rangers won but left behind a buried fortune in gold and jewels which is still the object of periodic treasure hunts.) Sherbrooke was discovered by a Frenchman, founded by an Englishman, and named for a man who fostered good relations between the two main groups.

Straddling the junction of the Magog and St. Francis Rivers, Sherbrooke was Big Forks to the Indians, Grand Portage to the French and Hyatt's Mills to the English. It was discovered in 1690 by François Hertel, founded in 1796 by Gilbert Hyatt, a United Empire Loyalist from Arlington, Vt. The first step toward the *bonne entente* was taken in 1815 when the citizens changed the name to Sherbrooke in honor of Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, Governor of Lower Canada, because of his work in alleviating the bitter antagonisms then splitting the country.

Sherbrooke soon became recognized as the champion of equality for all, and forty-nine years later a Sherbrooker, the Hon. Sir Alexander T. Galt, a Father of Confederation, helped draft the British North America Act which united French and English Canada and French and English languages. Sherbrooke's English-speaking politicians began making their speeches in French first, a courteous practice that quickly spread in the city, and which the *Canadiens* reciprocated. Sherbrooke was then ninety-five percent English-speaking. But, as the city grew, so did its *Canadien* population. Today the tale can be read in the city's streets. In the centre of town almost all bear English names like Sanborn and Albert, Windsor and Peel. But as the city spreads back from the river banks the increasing profusion of names like Bréhaut and Courcelette, Dufresne and De La Grotte blazon the triumph of the *Canadien's* larger family.

Sherbrooke's first French-speaking mayor, Dr. H. C. Cabana, was elected by the Town Council in 1879 when the population of 6 789 was seventy-five percent English-speaking. The next two mayors were English-speaking. Then, in 1885, when the population of 8 193 was thirty-five percent *Canadien*, the practice of alternating French and English-speaking mayors was started by the council, which that year again elected Cabana. From that time the custom became generally accepted as an unwritten law.

The system is simple. When it is their turn the French-speaking

Continued on page 34



Sherbrooke is thrilly proud of its cross on a hilltop because French Catholics wanted it and English Protestants gladly helped them pay for it.

The sixty-man force headed by Chief Edouard Moreau (left) can arrest you in English; Irishman W. P. Donohoe's smoke-eaters put out *les incendies* and fires with equal speed.



Engineer Côté (left), Mayor Howard check on expanding city. Next Mayor will be French.



THE BATTLE TO BEAT

LEUKEMIA

When it strikes children they always die. Our doctors don't know what causes this "cancer of the blood" or how to cure it, but they say: "We've licked mystery killers before and we can do it again"

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

DRAWINGS BY JACK BUSH





WHEN little Barbara first complained that she felt tired all the time her mother was not too worried. After all, what five-year-old doesn't get tired once in a while after running around from morning till night? She made a mental note to see that the child got to bed earlier at night.

Barbara got to bed earlier, but she stayed tired. Even a few minutes' play with her dolls seemed to exhaust her and she seemed to be growing paler, thinner, more listless every day. Her temperature climbed to a hundred degrees and stayed there, and she complained of vague pains in her joints. Fearing rheumatic fever the mother hurried the child off to the doctor.

But it wasn't rheumatic fever. The pediatrician examined Barbara from head to toe and what he saw he didn't like. The child's glands were enlarged and routine haemoglobin and blood-smear tests revealed a disturbing blood picture. Five-year-old Barbara, whose symptoms usually indicate nothing more serious than a pair of diseased tonsils, was one more child victim of the dreaded killer leukemia or "cancer of the blood." She had no hope of recovery. In three months she was dead.

A deep, dark and terrifying secret that has baffled the medical profession since the time of Hippocrates, leukemia is known in every part of the world. It affects humans, animals and fowl. It apparently chooses its human victims at random, regardless of race, economic background, diet, climate, family history or temperament. Whether it strikes in its fastest-killing acute form, or in its slower-progressing chronic form, it is always fatal. The best of medical care, the latest hormones, the most powerful drugs—nothing can cure leukemia. A child's life expectancy, with acute leukemia, is two or three months. If hospitalized and treated with the most up-to-date drugs, he may live six months with luck maybe a year. But no more.

Leukemia accounts for only three and a half percent of all malignant deaths in Canada. In 1949, six hundred and ten Canadians died from it. The death rate has shown little fluctuation over the years. European statistics are not available, but a Danish publication estimates that only one person in fifty thousand dies annually from leukemia in that part of the continent. American figures are approximately the same as Canadian.

But, medically, leukemia remains a bewildering question mark to those who seek its cause and cure.

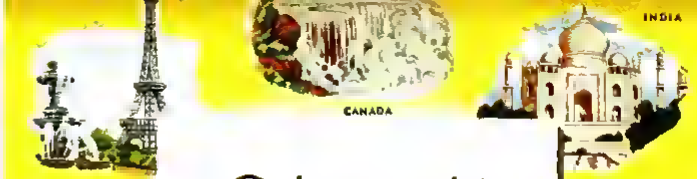
What makes the good white cells of the body—those same "soldiers of the blood" meant to fight infection—suddenly multiply in wild disorder until they clog the bloodstream, crowding out and destroying their companion cells, the nourishing red corpuscles? Doctors wish they knew. A normally healthy person has from four thousand to ten thousand of these white cells, or leucocytes (hence the name leukemia) in every cubic millimetre of his blood. What strange alchemy increases that number sometimes in a matter of weeks to a possible half million, and spells sure death? And the primitive "blast cells" of leukemia, those imperfect parents of the white cells that ordinarily make up only four percent of a healthy person's blood—what accounts for their rapid increase to twenty-five percent, sometimes right up to one hundred percent of the white blood count?

Twice as Many Men Get It

Is leukemia a true malignant disease, like cancer? Nobody can be sure. Its cells are similarly primitive, its manner of growth is the same as that of a malignant tumor, eventually invading and destroying every organ of the body. Yet, unlike other malignant diseases, leukemia seems to strike the body in every place at once.

Is leukemia then the result of some infection? Again no one knows. When a person gets pneumonia or glandular fever or whooping cough his white-cell count rises steeply and his whole blood picture suggests leukemia. Yet leukemic mothers give birth to normal healthy babies; in fact, no leukemic infant has yet been found whose mother or father was

Continued on page 48



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FOOTLIGHTS ROUND MY HEART

The beautiful actress from Montreal was a big success on the London stage. But she played her biggest and best role after the final curtain

By RONALD R. SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM BOOK

"WHEN are you going to marry me, Claire?"

"Don't, Robert." She put her hand on my knee without looking at me. "You'll spoil everything. I feel so completely at ease with myself. You'll spoil it."

"I'm sorry, Claire. It was stupid of me."

"No, it wasn't."

But it was. Claire had come to England from Montreal about two years ago and for fourteen months had gone through the mill with a repertory company. I had known her for seven months. She was desperately anxious to succeed as an actress—to prove to herself that she had not been presumptuous in choosing that profession. And her conscientiousness was beginning to prove her most dangerous obstacle. She gave so much thought to every gesture, every inflection, leaving nothing to well up spontaneously, suppressing her natural lyricism, that on the stage, to a discerning eye, her acting was efficient but hard and contrived.

It was to break down the tyranny of her mind that Vauxhall, the producer, had suggested to old Lord Benstake that he put his house at our disposal, with Vauxhall and his wife coming along, during his absence in Jamaica. Claire and I played tennis, walked in the woods, seeing the Vauxhalls only at mealtimes. Now after three glorious weeks—glorious for me at any rate—I was driving Claire back to London.

We had reached the suburbs and the spell was beginning to wear thin. Claire was sitting up straight, her hands on her knees. And as we weaved through the thickening traffic I saw with foreboding the knuckles of her hands whiten. With foreboding and at the same time with an ashamed satisfaction. Claire was fond of me and being without coquetry she had never tried to conceal it. I wanted her success as badly as she did. I had spent months trying to write a part for her that would be a perfect vehicle for her talent. But I wanted *her*. And I was afraid of the theatre, it is a possessive animal.

I drew up outside her flat in Chelsea. She sat still and then turned abruptly toward me. "I know that Vivienne Franquist would have been only too delighted to have the part you insisted on giving to me. She would almost inevitably have assured it a long run. You must think I am detestably egotistical, Robert."

"I wrote the part for you, Claire."

She spoke as though she had not heard me. "I'm not as ungrateful as I seem. I'm not really. If only you knew what I want, what I am trying to do—" She turned her face away.

Pedestrians streamed by, the traffic whined and growled. She suddenly seemed to realize we were not exactly alone. She pressed my hand as it rested on the steering wheel and slipped out of the car before I could move. "Don't see me again until after it's over, Robert. Please." She ran up the three steps and disappeared through the glass panelled doors.

The "it" she spoke of was the first night of my play, The Wrathful Dove. I looked at my watch. It was nearly eleven. In almost exactly twelve hours the first performance would be over.

FOR THE AUTHOR a first night is not the glamorous thing it is often made out to be—at least for me it is not. The play has become familiar to the point of nausea, to the point of meaninglessness. It was a great relief for me when the lights went up for the interval. The applause had been warm without being wild. I slipped out of my seat and joined the stream of people making for the bar. I would

Continued on page 43

SMITH MOVED FAST IN LIFE'S SUCCESS...



but he STOOD STILL in Security for his family!

When he first married he took out $4,000 Life Insurance —but then Smith put the Policy safely in the vault and forgot it. He became very busy getting on in life.



—Then he bought a house with a heavy mortgage on it,

—Then the children came along, entirely dependent upon *him*,

—Then with several promotions his salary increased (and his standards of living, too! He was a good spender).

NOTE.—He still had $4,000 of Life Insurance!

[illegible]

leaving $4,000 Cash Insurance to cover funeral expenses—mortgage—children's up-bringing—widow's standard of living —and—and—

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IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE



Jean Pouliot: Tail gunner is two tongues.

JEAN POULIOT, who recently joined the editorial staff of this magazine is a man who worked so hard putting himself through college that he didn't get through college in his final year, 1948-49, at McGill he was managing editor of the university's daily, a part-time reporter for the Montreal Gazette, a correspondent for Time, an active member of the RCAF reserve and, once in a while, an arts student.

The arts student lost out and Pouliot failed to graduate, which didn't prevent him from being chosen the Kemsley Scholarship winner for all Canada last year. This gave him an intensive twelve months of study and work with other Commonwealth winners in the United Kingdom at the expense of Lord Kemsley, British newspaper magnate.

While a Kemsley scholar Pouliot revisited the Continent briefly. His previous journeys across the Channel had been in the rear turret of a Halifax as a tail gunner with the Atouette squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Pouliat, who was born twenty-six years ago in Quebec City, is fluently bilingual but tells Canadian dialect stories with a deplorable accent that sounds like bad spot-welding job on Cockney and Clyde Gilmour singing a Newfoundland chantey.

James Aldridge, who wrote You Laughed At My Father (page 12) is a noted Australian war correspondent and novelist who covered the withdrawal of the British troops from Greece and Crete. He was wounded in this campaign. He now lives in the south of France with his Egyptian wife and son William. He wrote his latest novel—The Hunter—after a hunting trip in Canada.

As Canada's National Magazine we've been writing about Canada's national family, the Masseys, for years. Back in 1925 we had a piece about **Vincent**. In 1933 we covered **Denton**. In 1939 we ran a two-part article on **Raymond**. In 1945 we carried an article on Denton's sister, **Mrs. Arthur Golding** and another on her cousin **Charles Massey**. In 1947 we reported on the firm of **Massey-Harris** and also carried an article written by the **Rt. Hon. Vincent**. The latest installment, which contains entirely fresh material, starts on page seven.

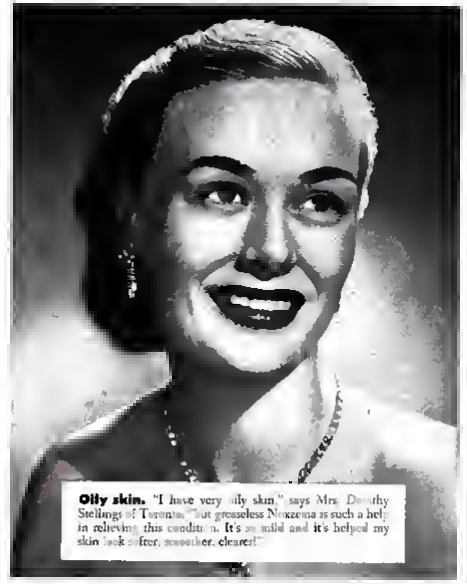
We've had some enthusiastic letters about the article, We're Missing Our Future in the North (Aug. 1), from people who are anxious to take **Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson's** advice and get going. We heard from Dr. Stefansson, too, who naturally approved of the ideas presented in the article since they have been his for a long time, but asked us to make it clear that the prose was not his. The credit should have read "As told to **Morton Hunt**."

THE COVER

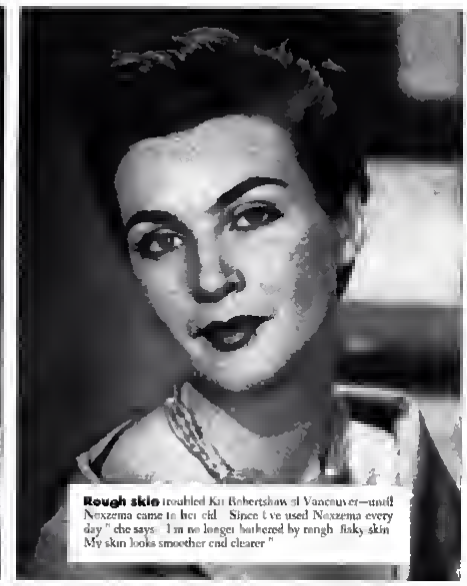


OSCAR CAHEN, the squire of King, Ont., likes to talk about painting almost as much as he likes painting, which is quite a lot. When he talks about it he employs a rich Middle European brogue, his own that is so beguiling that all his rover ideas sound wonderful. Many of them are, we think, but he has so many ideas that they can't all be good, in spite of the convincing sound effects.

Ducking an expressive gesture one day in the art room of the magazine when he was telling us about this one, we asked him if we could have a silent version. Way it turned out we feel it looks every bit as amusing as it sounded.



Oily skin. "I have very oily skin," says Mrs. Dorothy Stellings of Toronto, "but greaseless Noxzema is such a help in relieving this condition. It's so mild and it's helped my skin look softer, smoother, clearer!"



Rough skin troubled Kit Robertshaw of Vancouver—until Noxzema came to her aid. Since I've used Noxzema every day," she says, "I'm no longer bothered by rough, flaky skin. My skin looks smoother and clearer."

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With this Noxzema Home Facial you "cream-wash" your skin to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a greaseless, natural looking powder base . . . the aid of a *medicated* overnight cream that helps heal blemishes—helps soften and smooth skin.

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Save 1/3! Get your jar of Noxzema Skin Cream today—while you can get the big 6-ounce jar for only 98¢. *You'll save one-third over smaller sizes!*

Follow this easy Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning – Apply Noxzema over face and neck. Using a damp cloth, "creamwash" with Noxzema just as you would with soap and water. No dry-drawn feeling afterwards!



Now smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This greaseless, invisible film of Noxzema holds make-up beautifully and at the same time helps protect your skin *all day long*.



Evening—At bedtime "cream-wash" with Noxzema. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's dirt—without harsh rubbing.



Now lightly massage your skin with Noxzema to help soften smooth. Put a bit extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is *greaseless!* No greasy face or pillow!

What Others Say About Noxzema



Mrs. Gloria W. Browne of Halifax, Nova Scotia says "I first used Noxzema to my teens, when my skin was oily and blemished. Noxzema proved to be such a help—and was so easy to use—it's been a must with me ever since!"

Patricia McFarlane, Ottawa says "Ever since I can remember Noxzema has helped keep my dry skin soft and smooth. Occasionally I've tried other beauty creams but find Noxzema more effective than any of them. And it's *greaseless!*"



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Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

A PLACE IN THE SUN: Theodore Dreiser's sombre novel *An American Tragedy* has been turned into a first-rate film. Producer-director George Stevens has teamed the best performances from Montgomery Clift as a social lothario and Shelley Winters and Elizabeth Taylor as the major objects of his lunging. Highly recommended to more discriminating customers.

BITTER RICE: A wild-eyed, improbable melodrama of the Italian rice fields. It is worth seeing though for the sake of watching Silvana Mangano—a specimen of truly sensational proportions.

CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER: C. S. Forester's tapermast of the Royal Navy is engagingly sketched by Gregory Peck in this tale of derring-do afloat and ashore in 1807. Less persevering is Hornblower's romance with a jilted lady (Virginia Mayo) who might seem more at home in the cheery flesh of a subsequent period.

FABIOLA: A Cecil Barbara Jab with English sound track about the farewell lullabied by the Romans as the early Christians. Fairly awesome at times but jumbled and repetitive. Cobwebs the harness in a highborn pagan who loves a Christian gladiator.

HARD, FAST AND BEAUTIFUL: Bold, slow and ineffective might be more appropriate adjectives than those in the title to describe this tedious yarn about a scheming mama who bullies her daughter into a tennis championship. Claire Trevor and Sally Forrest are the principals.

HERE COMES THE GROOM: Director Frank Capra reassembles Bing Crosby and a busy squad of gag writers and entertainment celebrities have come up with a sprightly comedy even though some of the merriment is occasionally a bit tortured. It's about a romantic mix-up involving Crosby, Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone and a couple of endearing war orphans from Paris.

THE LAVENDER HILL MOB: Another delightful export from the sterling area of British comedy. Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway are partners in a fantastic but plausible plot to steal a fortune in gold from John Bull. Ripping stuff, actually.

MEET ME AFTER THE SHOW: A bit the arid, lively Hollywood musical, one of the better specimens. Not in a long time has Betty Grable been so relaxed and some of her songs and dances are robustly amusing as well as gratifying to the eye. Macdonald Carey is Miss G.'s showcase hubby in a conventional but serviceable plot about backstage hullabaloo.

MR. BELVEDERE RINGS THE BELL: Clifton Webb as the jobless smart aleck we first met in *Sitting Pretty* heartily invades an old folks' home with one responses that are only mildly diverting.

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS: A tangled up and garrulous melodrama from Britain. A half-blinded Englishman (David Farrar) tangles with some shady characters in the south of France. One of them is a maddening mademoiselle who tells him "I must have been crazy — it was a misdemeanour" and other things even less exciting.

SEALED CARGO: Some fine salty shots of maritime warfare help to redeem an otherwise routine little espionage thriller reportedly occurring in Newfoundland waters. With Dana Andrews, Claude Rains.

TERESA: A sensitive and honest story about a G.I. whose emotions are cruelly divided between his Italian war bride and his self-martyred, tear-destroying mama. As then you'd suspect, it's

GILMOUR RATES

Alice in Wonderland Tin Absurd Folk
Apache Drums Western Fair
Appointment With Danger Crime Good
As Young as You Feel Comedy Fair
Big Carnival (new title for — Ace in the Hole) Drama Topp
Browning Version Drama Excellent
Clouded Yellow Suspense Good
The Dark Man Suspense Color
Emperor Waltz Comedy Color
Father's Little Dividend Comedy Good
Girl in Legion Foreign drama Color
Follow the Sun Golf drama Good
Fort Worth Western Fair
Fourteen Hours Suspense Excellent
Francis Goes to the Races Talking mule farce Fair
The Frogmen Underseas war Good
Go for Broke! War Excellent
Goodbye My Fancy Drama Color
The Great Caruso Musical Good
Halls of Montezuma War Good
Hollywood Story Whodunit Color
House on Telegraph Hill Drama Fair
Iron Man Boxing drama Color
Tangle Headhunters Safari Color
Kind Lady Melodrama Good
King Solomon's Mines Safari Topp
Korea Film version of television Good
Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid Fair
Mad Wednesday Comedy Good
The Magnet British comedy Good
Mating Season Comedy Good
My Forbidden Past Drama Poor
Night Into Morning Drama Fair
Only the Valiant Western Good
On Moonlight Bay Musical Fair
Passage West Western Color
Pool of London Crime drama Fair
The Prowler Adult drama Excellent
Rawhide Suspense western Good
Royal Wedding Astaire musical Good
Salome Beachhead [written at — A Walk in the Sun] War Expert
Santa Fe Railroad western Good
The Scarf Melodrama Poor
Secret of Convict Lake Drama Fair
7 Days to Noon Atom drama Good
Show Boat Musical Good
Sirocco Bogart drama Cool
Storm Warning Klan drama Good
Strangers on a Train Suspense with comedy Excellent
Strictly Dishonorable Comedy Fair
Take Care of My Little Girl College drama Fair
Tarzan's Peril Ape-man yarn Fair
That's My Boy Comedy Fair
The Thing Space monster Good
Up Front War comedy Fair
Vendetta Melodrama Cool
Vengeance Valley Western Good
Warpath Western Fair
White Corridors Hospital drama Fair

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WHEREVER YOU GO . . . YOU'LL SEE AUSTIN

London Letter

Continued from page 4

be a story of despair of hope, or just an endless twilight?

We left England in a dripping rain with battered old Dover looking as grim as a landlady who had been robbed of her rent and set out for Dunkirk across the same waters as went the little ships in 1940 to bring back the most precious cargo that ever came to England.

What a revenged port Dunkirk is! Not only was it fought over with the early savagery of 1940 but throughout the years also was pounded by the RAF without mercy. Even today the port is devastated although the reconstruction goes on—and ships come and go. It was a relief to get ashore and begin our journey to the Belgian frontier.

I do not contend motoring is the best way to study a continent but it is better than the train and, of course, infinitely superior to the airplane which has managed to prove that travel need not be a great educator. By contrast to what we had seen in Dunkirk, Belgium seemed a carefree unmarked country. There were many kind of holiday and the people were out every where to enjoy a glorious blue sky.

Belgium has long been known as the cockpit of Europe, and certainly she has supplied the battlefields for more wars than even a historian could remember. But in 1940 her soil became so quickly—some say too quickly—that for once she escaped the ravages of invasion and conquest. Certainly the people today seem well fed, well dressed and happy.

It was exciting when we dined at ten o'clock in our hotel at Brussels but night to be able to order a steak or a chop or anything which the appetite could suggest. And when we went for a stroll an hour later in the great square it was invigorating to see the street crowded with people gazing into the brilliantly illuminated shop windows or drinking beer in open-air cafes. No law tells them when to drink or not to drink or compels them to buy a bottle of wine or brandy from a government controlled store. There is a pervading common sense about everything in Belgium even the shops stay open in the little towns unless as there is a chance of doing business. As for the hoteliers they take the view that it is their purpose to be of service to their clients and that the only law they recognize is the wish or whim of the visitor. One shudders to think what Australians and New Zealanders would make of this. Even the Canadians might raise an eyebrow at the recklessness with which one may drink a glass of wine or spirits without a government permit. However as everyone knows, the Old World brain not attained that sweeping common sense which governs the vigorous new nations across the seas, to say nothing of England.

Next morning we set off for Liège and Louvain, those names which were burned into the souls of my generation in 1914 when, under the inspired leadership of King Albert the Belgian Army fought so bravely against the advancing hordes of the Kaiser's Germany. On the brink of the Year we saw the monument erected to this splendid man. It would seem though that he was not necessarily heedlessly loyal has been Leopold has paid a heavy price and perhaps we should deem the account closed.

Belgium is too small to threaten anyone. Belgium is too small to be of any great account in a modern Western alliance, but she retains her storied standards of scholarship and architecture. The sacking of the university city of Louvain by the Germans in 1914 was a crime against civilization. Germany Germany Germany. The marks of the Prussian jackboot are everywhere in Europe. As we drove through the hard industrial streets of Liège and visualized the flight of the refugees in 1914 we were held up by a company of infantry marching across our route 1914 | 1939 1951 wars without end.

And so we came to the frontier with the same old barrier, the same wooden sheds, the same importers and the police just as if has always been. Perhaps it is necessary but I cannot see why the Belgians should want to question us because we are leaving their country. A few miles ahead of us was Aachen where we would enter Germany and once again I would be face to face with this honest hard working gifted race which has enriched humanity in philosophy, science and the arts, and has debased the very name of man.

Two thin faced bespectacled officials at the German barrier took down our particulars, their faces utterly expressionless and their voices precise and impersonal. Hundreds like them must have sat at tables and taken down particulars from Jewish citizens in the years before the war. These two officials were no doubt honorable and decent men, but it is hard to forget the last or to believe that Nazism has been purged from the German soul.

Just Like Mr. Pickwick

Like almost every town in Germany Aachen shows the cruel marks of war. Such houses that survived the bombardment are pockmarked with bullet holes from the days when British and American troops fought their way through the streets. In the great square, however, there is an excellent hotel and once more we were offered the choice of anything and everything. It was impossible not to contrast it with our last meager dinner in England the night before we sailed to Dunkirk—a scrap that was the color of bricks and tasted like them, chicken that looked and tasted like wood, and a trifle which looked and tasted like mixed paints.

There was a pleasant-faced English captain in uniform at the German hotel and we exchanged salutations. "Why not go out to the horse show this afternoon?" he said. "We're doing a spot of jumping against the Germans." The incorrigible English! They are the worst haters in the world. I don't suppose this officer would know who Herr Baltzac was a writer or a horse but he was civilized, genuinely and truly civilized.

Motoring has its own mad pace but to some extent it brings back the old coaching days. Just as the Pickwickians would leave the George and Vulture after a goodly repast so the motorist finds his car waiting after he has eaten. And thus the three Baxters turned the nose of their car toward Cologne my daughter Mrs. Bush acting as navigator (complete with maps) and her parents taking turns at the wheel.

Even Snack Bars Are Good!

What would Cologne reveal to us? My mind went back to 1946 when I drove from Düsseldorf with the British commander to see this lovely city on the Rhine which my wife and I had twice visited in the years before the war. I shall never forget the sight that met our eyes when the car was stopped at the cathedral in 1946 and we walked to the banks of the Rhine. Every bridge but a temporary one was lying broken and mangled in the river. As for Cologne itself, this gracious city that was created by the Romans as a bastion against the encroaching Teutons was nothing but a vast desert of rubble—formless hideous desolate—with people living in the cellars and breathing through holes made in the rubble. Only two things had survived unimpaired, the cathedral and the statue of Kaiser Wilhelm III at the entrance to the Hohenzollern Bridge.

But that was 1946. What miracle had been wrought since then? I can only answer that the people of Cologne have worked their hands to the bone in an attempt to restore some semblance of a city. There are one story shops built upon the ruins and there are dwellings patched and put together. There are three ugly temporary bridges across the Rhine where there were formerly eight of a majestic beauty.

The murder of a great city is a terrible thing. I suppose that Cologne as the junction point of the Rhine was a target that had to be destroyed but those thousand bomber raids of the RAF killed the work of centuries. People live again in their children but a city cannot be born again. Eventually, in thirty or forty years (providing there is no war), there will be an unmarked ugly called Cologne with modern flats and neon lights and Coca Cola signs. But the graciousness of the centuries will be gone even though the Rhine flows by as it did when the Romans founded the city.

"Let's go on to Coblenz," said my wife. "I could not sleep if we stayed here tonight." Even Mersbach, who had no memories of the place, was eager to get away from it.

That night we slept at a little inn on the other side of the Rhine for there was no room in battered Coblenz. It was a plain dreary looking inn and we feared the worst, but the virtues of the Germans are indestructible as their sins. Everything in the place was spotless, the linen white as snow. The glassware shining and the silver gleaming. Every possible courtesy was shown to us and the dinner was perfect. It was the same wherever we went in Germany, even in the snack bars on the *autobahn*. The Germans may not have attained godliness but they have certainly achieved cleanliness.

So we set off for the long, long drive to Munich, but I shall leave that to my next Letter. There in the Austrian Alps I have come to some opinions which are strengthening into conclusions, and I shall put them before you in a fortnight's time. ★



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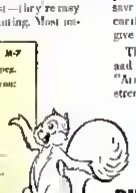
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SWEET CHOCOLATE SPLASH CAKE

2 *cups sifted cake flour*
5 *tsps. Magic Baking Powder*
½ *tsp. salt*
10 *tbsps. butter or margarine*
2 *eggs, well beaten*
1 *cup fine granulated sugar*
¾ *cup milk*
1 *tsp. vanilla*
2½ *ounces unsweetened chocolate*
2 *tbsps. milk*

Grease two 8 inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine gradually blend in sugar. Add well-beaten eggs and continue beating well after each addition. Measure the ¾ cup milk and add vanilla. Add flour mixture in creamed mixture about in quarters at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and vanilla and ending lightly after each addition. Turn half of the batter into one prepared pan. Melt 1½ squares of the chocolate over hot water, stir the melted chocolate and the 2 tbsps. milk into remaining batter and turn into second pan. Bake in preheated oven about 30 minutes. Prepare the cakes together with part of the following Boiled Frosting, having chocolate layer on top. Frost all over with remaining frosting. When frosting is set, melt the remaining 1 square chocolate over hot water and let drip on top of cake.

BOILED FROSTING—1½ *cups granulated sugar*—½ *cup water* 1½ *tsps. corn syrup* 2 *egg whites* 1 *tsp. vanilla*. Stirring until the sugar dissolves, let sugar, water and vinegar until the syrup reaches 238° (or until a little syrup will form a soft ball when dropped into cold water). Beat egg whites until they will just stand in soft peaks; gradually beat in syrup; beat constantly until frosting holds its shape. Beat in vanilla. Use immediately.



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Sherbrooke

Continued from page 23

citizens nominate a candidate and he is elected by acclamation. At the next election the English-speaking citizens do likewise. No mayor has ever tried to succeed himself though three times in recent years the tradition has been challenged at the polls, mainly by small groups of "new Sherbrookers." In 1934 dentist Ludger Forest ran against dentist F. H. Bradley, the *bonne entente* candidate and lost his deposit. In 1940 lawyer Eugene Thibault opposed lawyer Guy Bryant, the *bonne entente* candidate, and was crushingly defeated. The pattern was repeated in 1950 when Senator Charles B. Howard swamped his anti-tradition opponent, Armand Nadeau, K.C.

To non-Sherbrookers the remarkable thing about the mayoralty tradition is not that it has survived so strongly, but that it has survived at all without protective legislation. Sherbrooke has no law that says a mayor can't seek re-election; no law that says every other mayor must be English-speaking — in fact no law at all that treats in any way with the *bonne entente*. As the present mayor, Charles Howard, a white-haired, roly-poly man put it: "The *bonne entente* is not something that can be legislated. It must come from the heart."

A few decades ago a *Canadien* merchant named Bouchard moved to Sherbrooke, opened a store and began to do a brisk business. Then he posted a huge sign: NO DOGS, NIGGERS, NOR JEWS ALLOWED. His horrified friends pointed out that the *bonne entente* embraces all, regardless of language, color or creed. But Bouchard was stubborn. The sign stayed. His customers didn't. Vainly he fought the undeclared boycott with sales. Soon he was friendless and bankrupt, but unrepentant.

Then suddenly his wife and three of his five children were seriously injured in a car smash. As one, Sherbrookers rose to his aid. Negro women cared for the remaining children. Dr. S. Shapiro and other Jewish doctors contributed their services. Supplies poured in from all sides. Local businessmen raised a fund to finance him to a new start. The spontaneous demonstration deeply moved the grief-stricken merchant and taught him what force could not. When his store reopened he posted a second sign, twice as large as the first. It read: "I HUMBLY WELCOME EVERYONE, INCLUDING DOGS. LONG LIVE THE BONNE ENTENTE!"

Sherbrookers are sometimes reserved with newcomers. "When I was transferred from Toronto two years ago I thought them unfriendly," recalls Jack Cross, local service manager for a manufacturing company. "I was born in Montreal where the English speaking use French only when forced to, and vice versa. So I ignored the *bonne entente* and got the deep freeze. But as I thawed as did Sherbrooke. People began going out of their way to help me. Now I'm a Sherbrooker and proud of it."

Cross's wife, born in Scotland but raised in Toronto, feels the same way. "Sherbrooke is a friendly city full of happiness," she says. "We wouldn't trade it for Montreal, Toronto or any place. We want our two children to be brought up in this Christian, bilingual atmosphere."

The *bonne entente* has made Sherbrooke Canada's most bilingual city. Ninety-one percent of its people speak both languages fluently compared with fifty-seven percent in Montreal, thirty-four percent in Quebec City, eleven



percent in Trois-Rivières and seven percent in Sorel. Sherbrooke has also eradicated clannishness and hostility. When Maurice Duplessis and his organizers first came around preaching Quebec nationalism, Sherbrookers pointedly stayed home. Now the Premier leaves the Sherbrooke vote to his Minister of Lands, Forests & Hydraulic Resources, John S. Bourque, a favorite son of Sherbrooke and an outspoken advocate of the *bonne entente*. "If every city had it," he says, "the world would be a happier place."

The *bonne entente* has likewise alleviated religious animosities. The Witnesses of Jehovah and the Baptists are not persecuted in Sherbrooke. The city's churches help each other, and without seeking publicity. Not long ago when a small Protestant church needed a new carpet the big Catholic church down the street donated one anonymously. A few months later the Catholic church sponsored a charity bazaar and the women of the Protestant church baked cakes and pies and donated them—also anonymously.

Sweetest Music In the World

Sherbrooke's social service and sports clubs are open to and frequented by any citizen irrespective of French or English ancestry. Proceedings are always conducted in both languages, with speakers talking in their native tongues last. Afterwards, the English-speaking sing O Canada in French while the French-speaking sing it in English. "To strangers it may sound discordant," says Bob Duffy, a CNR Diesel electrician who was once Sherbrooke's top pre-dance-band leader, "but to Sherbrookers it's the sweetest music in the world."

Many Sherbrookers like to patronize merchants, plumbers, doctors and lawyers of the opposite language. The city's two radio stations, two weekly and two daily newspapers—one each of each language — often run each other's material in the original language. And both groups are represented in everything, including the top jobs. The local air force commander is English-speaking, the local army commander French-speaking, and in both were the city had two infantry regiments overseas—Les Fusiliers de Sherbrooke and the Sherbrooke Fusiliers.

Critics of the *bonne entente* (some of whom have never voted Sherbrooke) often attack it on the grounds that it can only result in inefficient, unstable and unsound government. Others claim the attendant courteses are not only hypocritical and foolish but costly time wasters for business. Still others charge that it is all a dirty Catholic Protestant, French or English plot aimed at assimilation of one group by the other.

To these and similar allegations,

Continued on page 36





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Continued from page 34

Sherbrookers respond with a hearty bilingual raspberry. Sherbrooke, they point out, has thrived on the *bonne entente*. Its sixty-five miles of concrete sidewalks and eighty-three miles of wide business and shaded residential streets (45 miles paved, 38 macadam mixed) are kept clean and in good repair. Its streamlined, city-owned buses provide quick, dependable service. Its municipally-owned water, gas and electricity services are reliable, abundant and cheap. Ten modern bridges span its winding rivers. In its nineteen flowering parks, supervised playgrounds are equipped with everything from toboggan slides to wading pools, and summer band concerts are held in the parks three times a week.

An Irishman With Sixteen Sons

Sherbrooke has seven hospitals and fifty-nine schools, including the famous Bishop's College University in nearby Lennoxville. It also has a one-hundred-thousand-dollar artificial ice hockey arena with senior league games, and a seventy-five-thousand-dollar baseball stadium. This was the home of the famous Outlaw League, formed when some top major leaguers (including Sal Maglie, Danny Gardella and Jean-Pierre Roy) jumped their U.S. contracts to play in Mexico for higher pay and were subsequently suspended from American ball for five years.

The sixty-man police force, headed by gruff Edouard Moreau, is young (average age: twenty-six), well-paid, well-equipped and well-trained. Vice, gambling, juvenile delinquency and crime are not serious problems. In the last two years, the force has had only one unsolved case, a twenty-dollar theft. Sherbrooke hasn't even a parking problem, though it has more cars per capita than traffic-clogged Montreal because the police operate free parking lots in every district.

The sixty-man fire department, headed by W. P. Donohue, a genial six-foot-two Irishman with sixteen sons, is likewise a crack team. This year Canadian and U.S. underwriters voted it Canada's best. As a result, Sherbrooke has the lowest basic fire insurance rates in the country.

The standard of living in Sherbrooke is high. Food is relatively cheap because the city's market is teem with the produce of a fertile valley. Its annual agricultural fair is eastern Canada's largest. Its winter fat stock show the only one east of Toronto. Taxes are the lowest in the province: total, only twenty-one mills (next lowest, Quebec City with thirty-five and a half mills). It has no slums in its ten-and-a-half square miles and the city has kept housing construction in line with industrial expansion with the result that Sherbrooke has no acute housing shortage. Over half its workers own their homes. There is no unemployment problem. More than one hundred industries produce things like mining machinery, seeds, patent medicines and flypaper. There are seventeen huge textile factories like Dominion Textile, National Thread and the Paton Mfg. Co. Ltd., and Canada's first woolen cloth mill (established in 1842) which makes the famous scarlet serge of the Mounties.

"To manufacturers," says general manager Howie Peterson of Julius Kayser & Co., Canada's oldest and largest hosiery mill, "the *bonne entente* has meant happier workers, fewer labor troubles—in short, a contented city."

Sherbrooke's growth has been steady and controlled. The closest it has come to a boom is since the war. In five years its population has jumped almost twenty-five percent, building permits have trebled, bank clearances have almost doubled, a dozen new industries have blossomed, and the Ascot Metals mine on the city's outskirts, closed for twenty-five years, has reopened to produce copper, zinc and gold.

Yet there is nothing of the boom town about Sherbrooke. It has retained the atmosphere of a small town while gaining the poise and comforts of a modern city. It has no blue laws, and every kind of recreation, entertainment and sport. Half a million Canadians and Americans pass their vacations in the district. Only thirty miles from the border, Sherbrooke sits at the southern tip of the rich heart-road triangle it forms with Montreal, ninety miles northwest, and Quebec City, one hundred and thirty-nine miles northeast. It is the main port of entry for about one million tourists each year, one-fifth of whom spend more than forty-eight hours and a total of eight million dollars there.

But Sherbrooke isn't perfect. Its thirteen hotels have fewer than eight hundred and fifty rooms, are ancient and poorly run. Seasoned travelers prefer tourist cabins. The drinking water also leaves much to be desired—a state of affairs which Sherbrookers blandly blame on the presence, of the sea serpent Anaconda in nearby Lake Memphremagog. Instead of disturbing Anaconda (who has been a favorite since Indian days) the city is building a filtration plant.

"That Noble Tradition"

Determined opponents of the *bonne entente* believe the first step toward its dissolution will be the death of the mayoralty tradition. They were confident this would be accomplished last year when Archbishop Philippe Desranleau let it be known that he wanted lawyer Nadeau to beat Senator Howard. Catholic Sherbrooke shied. As taximan Patrick J. Quinn put it: "Being good Catholics we always obey our bishop in all things religious. Politics ain't religious." Added waiter Jacques Dussault: "One must remember that Monsignor Desranleau is not a Sherbrooker. He comes from Sorel."

The stern stocky Archbishop is not opposed to the *bonne entente*. But he does feel that Sherbrooke is now so predominantly French Catholic it should have a *Canadien* mayor. Many English-speaking Sherbrookers agree. Editor Doug Amaron of the Sherbrooke Record says: "With the French-speaking majority nearing the ninety percent mark it no longer seems fair for the English-speaking to name every other mayor." The Record, though it supported Howard cautiously, voiced the thought during the 1950 elections. But the big daily La Tribune, owned by Senator Jacob Nicol, a French-speaking Baptist who is Sherbrooke's wealthiest man, the owns four more daily newspapers in Quebec City and Trois Rivières, thundered mightily against those who sought to break "that noble tradition."

That the mayoralty tradition must eventually die seems inevitable. But French-speaking Sherbrooke is reluctant to deal the *coup de grâce*. What may happen is that in 1954 or 1958 the English-speaking citizens may simply decline to nominate a candidate. This would be in keeping with the spirit of the *bonne entente*. ★

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The Hottest Square Mile

Continued from page 15

gashes in the verdant landscape. The rocky hills become whale backs as they slip down into the big lake. One ridge only a mile across separates Beaverlodge Lake from Lake Athabaska. The pilot flipped the plane into a gliding turn and we landed in front of Eldorado camp. We were in Uranium country.

We climbed a sandy path and stench a firm roadway, well stamped down by bulldozers. The road became a wide street with neat buildings on both sides. A queue of workmen was waiting at the dining hall for the supper gong. "It'll be an hour before we eat," said Robert Sexsmith, the camp superintendent. "Everything's crowded here—we'll take the second shift."

A ten foot notice board near the lake front brings a visitor to a halt. WARNING. Beaverlodge Lake is a protected plant under the atomic energy regulations of Canada." This means it is an offense to carry a gun or "any missile weapon" as the notice says. That notice board is the only visible evidence of security surrounding the uranium workings.

Their Own Post Office Soon

As the cookhouse gong rang the doors at both ends of a long bunkhouse began to disgorge men for the cafeteria style supper line. A cluster of tents and tent-houses among the spruce trees added more men to the line. A few more emerging from a big bunkhouse still under construction stepped gingerly down a teetering plank set on a gangway to the door. Where the road turns and goes over the hill to Fay shaft, a mile away, the high whine of a power saw came from the wood working shop. Next to it a mechanic was fussing over a roaring Caterpillar tractor in front of the machine shop.

Carpenters were building company houses among the trees a few hundred yards away, where a bulldozer was moving rock and sand for a street. A half dozen small excavations reamed cities for future houses. From over the hill came the ramble of giant earth carriers moving the landscape to make the air strip. The dynamite was set to blow the top off a ridge at exactly one o'clock.

The Eldorado, with a population of two hundred, will double in size within a year. Meanwhile the men are crammed three in a room and four in a tent; hard rock miners in helmets from the underground levels and men in plaid shirts and denims from the surface gangs.

Beaverlodge is a common name on the Canadian map. A new employee may find that his mail winds up at Beaverlodge Alta., unless he remembers to see Eldorado Company's Edmonton address. But the mining field is going to have its own town and post office soon. Uranium City, Saskatchewan's Minister of Natural Resources, J. H. Brockelbank picked out the site this summer, forty miles from the Eldorado camp. Pilot Dave Dyck showed it to me from the cabin of the Norseman one day. It was only a spruce park edging a beach at sand on an inland lake. He pointed to the spot where a new wharf would be built at the head of Black Bay on Lake Athabaska. It will handle barge loads of freight brought down the river from McMurray and across the lake. He pointed to where the road would be built this year, five miles from the wharf to Uranium City and another five miles to Ace Mine. All this is only in the mind's eye yet.



Many a Canadian mining camp has this bleak aspect of carelessly scorched earth. When Eldorado picked Robert Sexsmith, the superintendent of its Port Radium operation on Great Bear Lake, as superintendent of operations at Beaverlodge Lake, it picked a man who was determined that the new camp would be a place where people would like to live. Perhaps he was thinking of his family of four children, who will come to live in one of the staff houses in the fall. On the hillsides the birches and the spruces are being spared to add beauty to the campsite.

But some errors slip through. Bill Hucker in charge of the company's exploration and I were watching the unloading of earth-moving equipment from a barge at the lake front. A bulldozer knocked down a handful of trees and started heaping up sand as a pushbuft wharf. It made a raw gash in the symmetry of the shore. "They're sure ruining a beauty spot," he said between fetile passes of the clouds of insects around our heads. He has spent four summers at Beaverlodge.



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Lake. "This was a pretty picture when we crossed in," he said. He looked across the lake and added: "It still is." A sweep of his arm took in the blue lake edged with evergreens and the purple hills beyond, where an evening mist was tinting the scene like a Maxfield Parrish print. "When the mist comes across those hills," said Bill, "it's a wonderful sight."

Beaverlodge Lake may prove that private mining companies can make big money in uranium. That needs to be proved because uranium is so strange and so unknown that private interests have tended to leave it to the government. One reason why the security blanket set on uranium is easing up is that the results of four years of prospecting have been disappointing. Uranium is too important to make a mystery of it.

From the Flicker of a Geiger

The Canadian Government made uranium a crown monopoly in 1944. By law Eldorado is the sole purchaser in Canada of radioactive ore. But anyone can find it, mine it and sell it to Eldorado. The private prospector would not have to worry about refining costs as Eldorado operates the only uranium refinery in Canada at Port Hope, Ont. Moreover the Ace Mine mill will be ready to do custom milling for other mines in the area.

Private concessions issued by the Saskatchewan Government blanket the countryside for twenty miles around. Nine concessions at varying size may be counted in the immediate vicinity of Ace Mine for which Eldorado has staked two hundred and thirty-eight claims. So far none of these concessions has been explored to the point of proving substantial continuous zones of radioactive ore. But some of them may turn out to be valuable mines. The Saskatchewan Government puts a three year limit on its concessions, after which the holder must select the claims he wants and release the rest. The Lake Athabaska country is rife with speculation that Ace will not be the only mine to come into production. But it is a long way from the flicker of the dial of a Geiger counter at the moment of discovery of radioactivity to a producing mine.

The Ace Mine's main Fay shaft has been sunk squarely into the St. Louis fault, a giant wrinkle in the earth's crust named after Phil St. Louis, who, with Finai Nelson, discovered the field in 1946. Four seasons of digging and drilling have proved the size of the radioactive area. The fault itself is radioactive for six or seven square miles and the area on both sides of it is patched and pocketed with pitchblende for six to eight miles in all directions. The Fay shaft will be the core of the entire spiralling field.

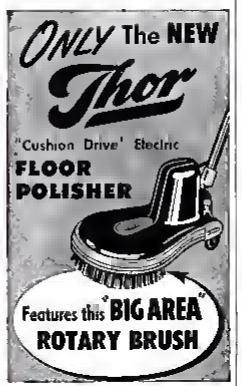
The whole region, as Bill Hucker put it, is "an area of excitement." The man sent to the prospector is the Geiger counter, a geophysical device that detects the heart beats of a uranium atom. It is customary luggage these days in the north. When eight men were getting out of a small plane just in from Fort Smith, Dr. F. B. Gilleadeau, Eldorado's mining manager, nudged me. "Look," he said, "that tall guy in the Australian hat has a Geiger." A lanky surveyor's assistant carrying his pack sack to the bunkhouse had a Geiger counter slung over his shoulder. One radioactive showing near Ace Mine was staked by red-headed Johnny Nesbitt, a bush pilot who spent his spare time three summers ago climbing around the moon landscape hills with a Geiger counter. Beaverlodge Lake country comes in on a Geiger dial almost anywhere, like a special event blanketing the radio networks.

New exploration for uranium is an old story to the geologist. The heavy conglomerate of the uranium lodes in northwest Canada is said to be the oldest rock formation in the world. As far back as perhaps, a thousand million years ago a vast and yeasty solution, hot, corrosive and strongly laced with radioactive salts and other mixtures, rose through a crack in the outer shell of the earth's crust. This primeval brew splashed and corroded the rock, settled in seams and veins, and left a carmine-orange stain to meet the eye of the twentieth century prospector.

Although there's an estimated hundred million million tons of uranium in the top ten miles of the earth's crust it is distributed mostly in minute quantities, not enough of it worth mining. It might as well be dissolved in the oceans. World production in 1939 was only one thousand tons.

Thus to discover a new uranium mine at this moment of history is obviously the best fortune that can befall a country. The Ace Mine means that Canada will have plenty of the raw stuff of atomic power. But it also means that Canada will have to decide what it is going to do with it.

From what has been published about the United States atomic energy program it is clear Canada could now put a good deal farther than it has in processing uranium. We have the uranium and we have a small refinery, but it is not modern enough and can't refine uranium to the high degree of purity required for it to be processed. Our present product is sent from the Port Hope refinery to the U. S. for further refining before it comes back to Chalk River. A bigger and better refinery is planned by the Eldorado



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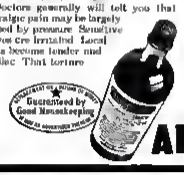
● When the tense, grousing agony of neuralgic pain strikes, you want relief *in a hurry*. And here's a way to get it—*quickly, easily, effectively*.

Doctors generally will tell you that neuralgic pain may be largely caused by pressure. Sensitive nerves are irritated. Local areas become tender and swollen. That torture you feel is simply Nature's call for help.

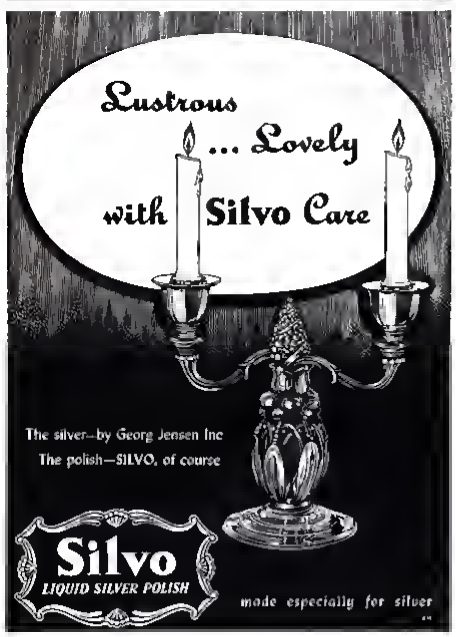
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Company—but that is still in the negotiating stage.

After it is refined to a high degree of purity, metallic uranium can be fed into a nuclear reactor to produce plutonium, the miracle fuel of nuclear reaction. Plutonium is the explosive charge that goes into the warhead of an atomic bomb. It is also the stuff that will drive atomic power plants when they are ready to operate. An atomic power plant will be only a slowed-down atomic explosion.

Dr. Henry D. Smyth, one of America's leading atomic scientists and a member of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, said recently: "We expect to have power-producing reactors running within a year or so." He added: "We do not know yet whether such reactors using uranium as fuel will be able to compete economically with power plants burning conventional fuels." The significance of such a statement lies in the fact that one pound of uranium 235 would release as much energy as can be obtained from burning thirteen hundred tons of coal.

The dawn of atomic power for industry presents Canada with crucial questions of high policy. At present the entire Canadian output of uranium is exported. It goes to one market: the United States Atomic Energy Commission, under a contract which is one of the most guarded secrets of Canadian-American relations.

We have developed atomic energy as a research tool as well as any one, better than most. But we have not yet begun to contemplate its industrial use as a source of power. Canada is building a second reactor but it will be just as dependent as the first on American supplies of pure uranium unless we reorganize and expand our atomic program.

The plutonium remaining in the American stockpile of atom bombs can be used industrially and if it is not expended in war, will be so used in the future. In this sense the United States is already stockpiling the fuel for the greatest possible extension of its civilian power supply.

The Canadian atomic energy program has been from the start dedicated to peaceful uses. But since the fuel that explodes in an atom bomb is the same that is required for industrial power, Canada will have to start making plutonium some day to enter into the age of atomic power.

The present policy will soon lead to the position in which Canada remains the producer of uranium for the industrial reactors of the United States and that is the same thing as selling natural gas or hydro-electric power abroad rather than utilizing these forms of energy at home for industrial development. Such a policy seems politically untenable for any Canadian government. The alternative is to set up in this country the whole process of atomic power from the uranium mine to the plutonium pellet.

The shaft being sunk to tap the Ace Mine's wealth of uranium brings into focus Canada's greatest opportunity. It heralds the industrial revolution that wise men saw in the first successful experiments in nuclear fission, before they were diverted to the A-bomb. Uranium is the decisive military factor in a world balanced between American atomic know-how and Russian land power. But it is also the stuff of industrial atomic power. That makes Beaverlodge Lake Canada's newest mining saga, the key to our future. ★

It's Confusing

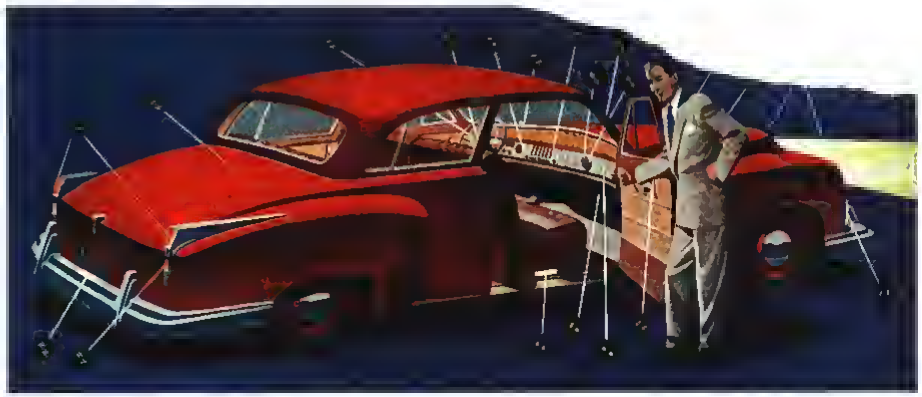
I can never decide between either or eyether
So I shall use eyether or is it neyether?

—L. G. MENDERSHAUSEN JR.



"Well, to make a long story short"

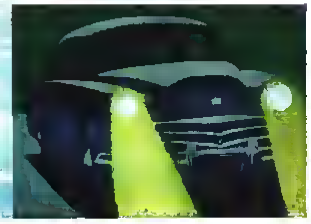
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Footlights Round My Heart

Continued from page 27

have given a great deal to have been able to go the opposite way back stage. But I had promised I would not. And even had I been able to do so I should have been hard put to it to know what to say. Claire had not fluffed a line a syllable her timing had been meticulous, her rather deep contralto voice enriched by the Canadian R pronounced well back in the throat had forced Matthews the leading man to deepen much to his advantage his own voice which tended to thin when raised. It was a triumph of machinelike accuracy, artistically it was as flat as a colored postcard. And painfully I was aware that Claire would know that better than anybody.

The bar was crowded. Bella recognized me and handed me a brandy and soda almost at once. That earned me a list of indignant glares from people who had arrived ahead of me. I took my drink to the far corner of the room, leaned against the wall with my back half turned to the bar. It was depressingly stuffy.

Helen there? Playing the shrinking genius?

It was Babcock of the Sunday Herald. He had a glass of beer; his heavy scarlet jowled face bulging over his low white collar made him look more like a farmer on the spree than the astute and influential dramatic critic that he was.

I told him I was in disgrace as a spoiler.

"So in The Wrathful Dove you've gone in for what we used to call 'social significance' in the theatre?"

"Is it as preachy as all that?"

"No. On the contrary, it's a *tour de force* of gilding the pill."

I tried to explain to him that I had attempted to create two levels — to make it first of all an entertainment but with a "message" for those who wanted it. I talked more or less coherently but all the time my mind was preoccupied with Claire. And I was acutely aware of Babcock's goose-berry eyes looking up intently into my face. Finally I simply broke off what I was saying and asked: "What did you think of Claire Hathway?"

He looked into his beer. When he looked up he was grinning and with his wide mouth and the accessive cres al wrinkles he looked remarkably like a mask of comedy. "Ah, your Cinna dian prodigy. She's a smart girl. She never misses a trick."

He was confirming my own opinion. He was putting it in as kindly a way as he could, but it gave me a sick shocked feeling. And would he put it that way in his notice? When he wanted he could damn a performance in an acid epigram that left a scar on an actor's mind for all time.

"It's the part that's a bit thin," I said. "A bit artificial. Don't be too hard on her because of that, which is my fault."

He did not speak at once but his bellous eyes said clearly: "So that's how you feel about her."

"Why should I be hard on her?" he said at last. "She's a competent actress. She could teach a good deal to a lot of our little darlings who put their faith in a South Kensington accent and divine inspiration."

Competent. The word that rings like a knell in an actor's ears.

Vauxhall interrupted us, asinine and ravenlike in spite of his bustling manner, carrying his cudgel of a walking stick to reinforce his rheumatic joints. He gestured with an empty wineglass. "Not a hitch so far." He raised his stick. "I'm touching wood, mark you."

"How's Claire?" I said.

"Steady as a rock." Then he recognized Babcock. He made an elaborate gesture with his fingers holding his stick between his knees. "Sign against the evil eye," he said. "O thou cut-throat bandit on the path of fame."

Babcock grinned and was about to reply when the bell shrilled to announce the curtain going up. Vauxhall thrust his glass into my hand. "True friends me," he croaked. "Persons my being." He weaved his way through the shifting crowd opening a passage with his stick.

I returned to the auditorium with Babcock. *Competent* is *rock a machine* delightful heart-warming adjectives to describe an actress!

When I got to my place I looked at the seat and turned round and went back to the bar. Why should I torture myself with the spectacle of Claire giving what she knew to be a technically immaculate performance—and which she must also despairingly know was as flat as a chapter out of a textbook?

I had another drink. Bella said: "They're liking it. I only heard one panning it and that was a woman with a face like a codfish."

I left the bar, went round and joined



"You have no complex, you are inferior."

I'd rather you wouldn't be there, Robert. I'm going to be awfully nervous. Do you mind?"

"Of course not." I mumbled a great deal. About the whole thing. I hated myself tamely handing her back to Vauxhall.

It turned left onto the highway with a sort of tragic despair that made me feel a complete idiot but was no less real for that.

When I turned I saw Mrs. Blacker had been watching too. She nodded her cropped head. "When a young woman's both clever and nice a man is lucky."

I deny it. But I had to shake



k to
lights
girdle
was smiling
talking to the half dozen
on men there. She spotted me a
soon as I entered and looked steadily
and seriously at me for a moment and
then said laughing: "And here's the
man who makes all the puppets dance."

I exchanged a word here and there
and generally hung about until they
left. Vauxhall was the last to leave.
"Don't nauseate each other with too
much mutual admiration," he said.

"They wanted to like you," I said
to Claire. She had turned to free her
dressing table, standing behind it, her
reddressed her face in the mirror.

"They seemed to like the play." She
raised her eyes. "They tell me you
were talking to Mr. Babcock. I can
guess what he said."

"He said you could teach a lot of
actresses a good deal."

The reflection of her heavily painted
lips smiled brightly at me. But the
self contempt in her voice was hard to
listen to. "He said I was a competent
little actress, didn't he?"

I heard and kissed her neck to hide
my face: her skin had the warm,
nutmeggy, spicy smell of theatrical
make up. In the mirror I saw her close
her eyes. I raised my face. "He said
precisely what I have told you." I
repeated his exact words.

She laughed a little harshly and said,
"I'll tell you what I'll be with you in
ten minutes."

"I'll be with Old Mack in his hutch."

In the taxi going to Mellini's restaurant she said after a long, brittle
silence: "I lost one of my gloves this
morning."

"I have it in my pocket, Claire."

"That made her cry." "This is a
theatre," she said. "Disgusting. Forgive me."

I told the driver to drive around for
a while. I thought with a cold lucidity
that startled me: "The time to watch
a woman is on the rebound, when she
has had a misunderstanding with her
lover." That fascinating, unsurprising old rhyme: the Theatre had perhaps
overplayed his hand.

She was sitting very upright in her
corner. Lights swept in and out of
the taxi, lighting and obscuring her
face. She was dabbing below her eyes
with a pointed handkerchief. I leaned
toward her until my lips touched her
ear. It was burning hot. I spoke
softly. She listened and then said:
"Yes. You know I do."

As I spoke again my lips touched
the cold smooth button of an ear clip.
It jerked away as she shook her head.
"No. No. What do you want with a
competent little actress?"

"Nothing. Claire, I want a wife."

"It's sympathy." Her voice hardened. "And I hate sympathy. You're
sorry for me. I won't have it!"

"I'm angry with you. Will's your
egotism. Your personal salvation at
any price? Attitude. To the devil with
the driver. I thought: "I'm simply a
competent little playwright but I'm not
prepared to let this vanity masquerade
even between me and the woman I
want. And I'd do the same if I were
only a competent little shoeshine boy.
I want you. I need you. That's all I
need to know. Heaven forbid that I
should ever try to make myself righteous
home-dead out of it."

I could see her staring at me through the alternating light and darkness, her
lips were trembling slightly. "Do I
seem like that?" she said. "Do I seem
as bad as that?"

"Yes."

"But can't you see that I'm terrified
that later—you might find me empty,
shallow, superficial."

"Claire," I said angrily. "Did you
ever know a stupid woman who
thought she was stupid?"

"I—I don't know."

I took her in my arms. She clung
to me like a drowning woman.

"Brunswick road, the Chelsea Bridge
road," I said to the driver.

"Okay, guv'nor." His tone seemed
to suggest: "I've seen more delicate
proposals. But you made it. Good luck
to you!"

WE STARTED our married life
with a small staff of servants and
a butler, because old Benstock again
lent us his country house for three
weeks. And he didn't stop at that:
he got us the tenancy of a flower shop
on the estate for a friend. There our
staff was reduced to a daily woman,
a Mrs. Blacker, a village woman with
grey cropped hair, a stern square face
like an elderly field marshal, and a
staggering quantity of work so much
so that Claire got into the habit of
running round after her with cups of
coffee and bits of cake to hold her up
for a few minutes.

Those were very good days. After
the play had run a fortnight Claire had
handed over her part to the Franquist
girl. The notices had been far from
bad. It looked as though we were going
to have quite a run. Nobody had
actually called Claire competent, but
they had played around with synonyms
that came perilously near it. "Adroit,"
"dexterous," "expert." And Claire
joked about it. "What marvellous
notices," she said. "If only I'd been
a contortionist."

She seemed to have abandoned the
stage without regret, and she looked
back at the Claire of that period with
a sort of amused sympathy. At first
I encouraged her to help me with my
work to distract her. But I soon found
that she had in abundance precisely
that quality that I lacked: she could
visualize a scene on the stage with all
its technical difficulties with a clarity
that startled me, and for the first time
I began to see clearly my work from
the actors' and producer's point of
view. Where I had groped before I
could now move confidently without
fear of error.

Our happiness reached such a high
point that like all emotions when they
reach their extremity, it became tinged
with its opposite. I was touched with
a sort of fey coldness that only made
the happiness still more acute. Claire
felt it too, I knew.

We were walking one autumn morning across the fields toward a little
wood. The dew was still on the grass
and the landscape was veiled in grey
mist. Suddenly the sun burst through
the clouds. The mist turned into a
silver vapor as delicate as a flute note:
we walked through a field of sparkling
diamonds. The dying leaves on the
trees flashed into color, amber, gold,
red, orange and a dozen shades of
green. Diagonal shafts of golden light
penetrated the still dark foliage and
dappled the ground. It was all suddenly enchanting, fragile, incubatal. Claire caught my arm and we
stood still. "That's how I feel," she
said almost in a whisper. "So unbelievably happy, so beautifully happy
that it's frightening. It seems as
though at any moment it might dissolve, shatter."

I pressed her arm against my ribs.
"No," I said. "No."

And as I spoke a cloud crossed the
sun. The colors faded out of the leaves,
the silver drained from the mist leaving it grey and opaque. The softness of
the trees hardened and darkened. The
bejewelled field became steel grass a
little chilly to the ankles. Neither of us
spoke for a while. Then Claire said
in a voice like third to make matter of
fact: "Let's go back, shall we?"

WHEN we got back Mrs. Blacker
had a message for us. "Mr.
Vauxhall wants you to give him a ring
right away." Both Miss Fearquest
and her understudy Miss Bacon are
down with flu.

We stood in the hall looking at each
other. Mrs. Blacker had her work-worn spongy hands hidden under her
apron: why she always did that I
never knew, and her fierce bulldog
face turned impatiently from one to
the other. She was a decisive woman:
she expected prompt decisions from
others. Finally she could stand our
shilly-shallying no longer. She looked
Claire squarely in the eye and said:
"You'll have to do it, you know and
you might as well face it."

Claire looked at me and smiled. Mrs.
Blacker a right of course. "There's
a body dies."

"Do you mind, Claire? I mean if
you really hate the idea of doing it—"

"I don't mind at all—it will only be
for a few days."

Mrs. Blacker went back to her
kitchen.

We rang up Vauxhall and told him.
He was delighted.

"I'll drive you up," I said. "We'll
have dinner at Mellini's before we go
on to the theatre."

Claire was standing by the window
looking out. The sun had still not
dissipated the mist and in the far
meadow the grazing cows seemed to
be wading in a white sea that came
halfway to their bellies.

"I'd rather you wouldn't be there,
Robert. I'm going to be awfully
nervous. Do you mind?"

"Of course not." I sounded a great
deal. About the whole thing. I hated
it. I hated tamely handing her back
to the theatre.

We arranged for the village taxi to
take her. She left early so that she
could call on Vivienne Franquist and
the Beong girl. "I'll be back as early
as I can," she said. "Be—"

I watched the car with its fluttering
plume of blue smoke from the exhaust
as it rolled down the lane and until
it turned left onto the highway with
a sort of tragic despair that made me
feel a complete idiot, but was no less
real for that.

When I turned I saw Mrs. Blacker
had been watching too. She nodded
her cropped head. "When a young
woman's both clever and nice a man's
lucky."

I didn't deny it. But I had to shake
off my abandoned quasi-misery.
"Just the same," I said, "now we've
got the opportunity, what do you say
if you and I sneak off to the pictures
at Bamboro?"

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For this Velveeta Skirt Casserole Make 8 Velveeta sandwiches. Trim crust, cut in half diagonally. Using 2 tbsps. butter or Parkay Margarine, 2 tbsps. flour, 2 c. milk, seasoning, make a cream sauce. Stir in ½ lb. shredded Velveeta with the rich yet mild cheddar cheese flavor everybody likes. When melted, add 2½ c. mixed cooked vegetables. Pour half of sauce in casserole, arrange sandwiches on it, points up, add remaining sauce. Bake at 350° about 30 min. Hardy—but a real treat! And hearty with Velveeta's fine food values from milk.







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"Trentlane's better," she said. "We'll go there."

When we got back I took Mrs. Blacker to her cottage and reached home at about eleven. In the yellow autumn moonlight the dewer house seemed wrapped in a brooding decadent melancholy. I went up to my work room and tried to read.

Just before midnight I heard the taxi stop and I ran downstairs.

Claire's cheeks were fresh and cool. She had an orchid—a waxy perfect one—pinned to her coat. She saw me looking at it. "Vruxy," she said. "Every body's been so nice to me. After the first terrifying five minutes I thoroughly enjoyed it. You gave me some marvelous lines, Robert. I never quite realized it before."

My genius also runs to making tea. Shall I make you some?"

"I'd love it." She laid her coat on the back of a chair, careful not to crush the waxy abomination.

In the kitchen, plugging the kettle in, I was losing her. That inveterate old seducer, the theatre, was getting away with it. Her eyes were still shining from his blandishments. What to do? Nothing. I could hardly play the outraged husband. In the middle of the twentieth century that was a legitimate form of bigamy. The trouble was that Claire was incapable of bigamy. When she gave herself she gave herself wholly. If the theatre took her it would leave us nothing—except possibly a pleasant, slightly absent companion. And by heaven I wanted more than that.

The kettle began to hiss furiously at me.

When I took the tea in Claire put her arms round me and looked up into my face. "Have we really a right to be as happy as this?" she said. "We—had a sardonic accent for me. "We'll simply have to put up with it," I said—"until we can find an excuse for being a little miserable."

That was Wednesday night. Vivienne had said that she would be in for Monday. Each of the next three evenings I saw Claire off with the same futile feeling of anguish. And each night I had to conceal the despair inflicted on me by the sparkle and vivacity she brought home with her. On Saturday she returned with a bouquet of flowers the cast had given her. She put them in a big crackleware vase in the lounge. "Well, that's that," she said and sighed. I tried my best to interpret it as relief at the end of an ordeal but I was never good at fooling myself.

THE following morning I awoke at eight to hear a hay turning in the lock. It couldn't be Mrs. Blacker because on Sundays she only came for a couple of hours mid-morning. I got out of bed and went down. It was Mrs. Blacker. "After all these late nights I thought you'd like breakfast in bed," she said.

"Not for me, thank you." I said. "I strew crumbs and spill things. But the breadwinner upstairs will no doubt revel in it. I'll go and tell her."

"I wouldn't want her bothering until nine."

"To hear is to obey. I'll go into the village and get the Sunday papers. We may as well do the thing properly."

It was a superb morning with a nip in the air. Smoke rose from the chimneys in the village in straight interweaving spirals. The smell of frying bacon was everywhere. The old woman at the newsagents squawked at me in a friendly way for messing her up while she was sorting the papers. I collected four and as I walked back through the village I opened the Sunday Herald at Babcock's column.

It was headed: "Playwright's Wife Triumphs."

And below: "I have been a critic of the theatre for a quarter of a century and I thought I had witnessed every phenomenon the stage had to offer. I was wrong." Then he went on to sketch a brief history of "The Wrathful Dove": Claire's opening, her marriage and withdrawal, Vivienne's influenza and Claire's return to fill the breach. But it was the third paragraph that brought me to a standstill.

"Four months ago," it read, "Miss Claire Hathway was a clever actress who knew every artifice of the stage and used her knowledge with skill. Last night she threw a verboard all her science and became one of the subtlest interpreters I have seen on the stage for many years. She could inject wit into a silence, a whole volume of pathos into a monosyllable, express crushing contempt with a swing of her skirt." And so it went on for another twenty lines or more.

I folded the paper into four and stuffed it into the pocket of my tweed jacket. Mrs. Blacker heard me enter the house and shouted for me to go up; she would bring my breakfast with Claire's.

Claire was half-sitting in bed, her knees drawn up. She had evidently washed and run a comb through her hair. But she was wearing no make-up. It made her look incredibly young.

She chuckled when she saw me. "Do you know that this is the first time I have had breakfast in bed since I was thirteen and had German measles?" she said.

"Which must be at least twelve months ago." I threw three newspapers on the bed. "The week's horror to sharpen your appetite."

She patted the bed and I sat down beside her. That lourish paper bulked hard and ugly in my pocket and suddenly I knew that I had never felt so contemptible in my life. I brought out the paper and tossed it down on the bed with my file. "There's a little something in here that might interest you." I pointed to Babcock's article.

CLAIRE looked at me puzzled and then began to read. With her head bent her hair fell forward over her cheeks. Somewhere a late rising cock crowed. I got up and walked to the window. I heard Claire whistle and I looked round. She raised her eyebrows at me and said: "My good ness!" Then she went on reading. I looked out again over the lawns. I heard the sound of crumpling paper. Claire's cheeks were a little flushed, her eyes were bright. "Well, aren't he a darling!" she said. "Once upon a time I would have been in the clouds reading that."

I stood at the foot of the bed. "But now?"

She laid her hands flat on the dove-colored counterpane and looked at them: the pale eggshell tan on her forearms faded into a creamy whiteness a little above her elbows. "Do you want me to go back?" she said.

She surely wasn't trying to manoeuvre me into a position where I was supposed to *persuade* her to go back? "Not if you don't want to. And I've no right to stop you if you do."

"But if I did it wouldn't be the same between us. We would lose something, wouldn't we?"

"But you would also gain something. That's the way things usually are. How reasonable we were being, how judicial. I walked away to the window. "Hasn't the work I've done with you down here on the new play been useful?"

"Invaluable." I could say that with honesty. She was being generous, she was trying to make it appear that the choice was really a very difficult one to make. I would have been ashamed to be less generous. "But when you set that against Babcock's one of the subtlest interpreters I have seen on the stage for many years—"

She smiled, a faint curling of the corners of her mouth. "Oh, those four nights were a gorgeous romp. I enjoyed myself. Perhaps even I wasn't bad. And if I wasn't, I'm terribly happy about it because it at least showed you what from the very beginning I wanted to prove to you—that I have a little talent that I wasn't simply a stage-struck little idiot. I'll go back if you want me to." She brushed a lock of hair back from her face. "But I am afraid it wouldn't last, Robert."

For the first time it occurred to me that she might actually believe that I wanted her to go back to the stage. I didn't really know what to think. Why not? Why wouldn't it last, Claire?"

"Because its roots are in this"—she made a little gesture with her hand—"us, here together. Without this, whatever talent I have would shrivel and die—as it was dead before I had this."

I sat down on the bed and said very slowly: "But wouldn't you still have this?"

She looked down at her hands which were clasped now. "What I gave in the other I would have to take from this. You wouldn't want me to spoil this, Robert." And all I did I wouldn't have the other. We'd end with nothing at all." She looked up. "I'm saying it badly. But it's true. I don't want you to think I'm simply being selfish in not wanting to go back."

I felt terribly ashamed of myself and very happy. I wanted to laugh aloud. I said: "Well, if everything must be sacrificed on the altar of your self-indulgence—so be it."

She looked down at her hands which were clasped now. "What I gave in the other I would have to take from this. You wouldn't want me to spoil this, Robert." And all I did I wouldn't have the other. We'd end with nothing at all." She looked up. "I'm saying it badly. But it's true. I don't want you to think I'm simply being selfish in not wanting to go back."

I felt terribly ashamed of myself and very happy. I wanted to laugh aloud. I said: "Well, if everything must be sacrificed on the altar of your self-indulgence—so be it."

She looked up anxiously into my face. The light from the window was behind me. "Will she saw my expression then the corners of her mouth began to quiver upward. I leaned over her. She began to laugh and wriggled away from me. "Hush now," she said. "Mrs. Blacker is coming up."

There was a tap on the door and Mrs. Blacker came in carrying a loaded tray. Claire collected herself. "Mmm! My that smells good, Mrs. Blacker," she said.

Mrs. Blacker gave us a stern and very discerning look as she set the tray down on the night table. "Well don't go and play about and let it spoil," she said. "You know you don't like tepid coffee."

Which was true.

But really could it won't bed at all. ★

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The Battle to Beat Leukemia

Continued from page 24

leukemic at the time of its birth.

Why does the disease affect men twice as often as women? Why does it attack infants and children in its most virulent acute form? How does it choose its victims? And when modern miracle drugs like ACTH and cortisone triumph over every sign of leukemia from a diseased body, how and why do the treacherous white cells march back into the bloodstream to claim their victim at last?

If doctors don't know it isn't because they aren't looking for the answers. Although leukemia has only been recognized as a distinct entity for the past century, since then dozens of European, British and American physicians have baffled their brains in preliminary research. They have studied leukemia in fowl, guinea pigs, dogs, rabbits, monkeys, bats, cats and pigs, and found the disease was not necessarily the same in each. They have tried to transmit it from one animal to another and failed (except in the case of certain susceptible mice). They have tried to transmit it from animals to human beings and failed again. They have even removed almost all leukemic blood from one human being and injected it into the bloodstream of another, healthy human, in two and a half hours every last trace of the leukemia cells had disappeared from the healthy man's bloodstream. They have injected healthy blood into the bloodstream of leukemics. It was soon filled with an army of errant white cells. They have wondered if the disease was due to fractious bacteria, viruses or parasites. They have separated unpoised "cures" by quinine, iron, phosphorus, arsenic, mixed vaccines, liver therapy and feeding with the bone marrow of calves.

They are still seeking a clue.

Canada is a comparative newcomer in the field of medical research but in this country today trained medical and scientific minds are examining every facet of leukemia. At the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto two hundred cases of leukemia in children have been studied in the past twenty years (average age of children suffering from the disease four years eleven months). There, a medical team under the joint direction of Dr. C. E. Snelling, senior attending physician, and Dr. W. L. Donnithorne, chief pathologist, is currently treating young patients with ACTH, cortisone and the amazing threesome known as the folic acid antagonists — aminopterin, amethopterin and adenopterin. Admitting that a cure is nowhere in sight they never-theless admit some extremely interesting "remissions" — that is, periods of weeks and even months when all signs of the disease have vanished. At Toronto General Hospital Professor J. K. R. Wightman of the University of Toronto heads a two-man team studying and treating adult patients with chronic leukemia and allied disorders and restoring many of them to good health and gainful employment for months and even years. These research projects are subsidized by the Ontario Cancer and Treatment Foundation.

As for fundamental research — laboratory research, as opposed to clinical — the National Cancer Institute is spending four hundred thousand dollars this year on thirteen fellowships and numerous grants in aid for cancer research, including leukemia. Under the institute's financial encouragement doctors and biochemists are studying mice and cure drugs and radiation, marrow cells, enzymes and hormones in the laboratories of McGill, Montreal, Toronto, Western Ontario and Manitoba universities.

Largest of the institute's grants (thirty thousand dollars) goes to a research group at Montreal General Hospital headed by Dr. J. H. Quastel, one of the world's leading enzyme chemists.

Here is a layman's picture of leukemia.

Two kinds of corpuscles, or cells, exist in blood: the red cells, whose function it is to nourish the body by carrying oxygen and removing carbon dioxide; and the white cells, whose job is to fight infection. Both are manufactured in the bone marrow, especially in the flat bones of chest, hip and spine. There the cells grow and divide and mature, at last evolving into matured, granular cells and spilling out into the bloodstream. Red cells are seven hundred times more numerous than white. They survive in the circulation anywhere from two weeks to three months, but usually about a month. White cells contain nucleo-protein and other substances, including a variety of enzymes, but stay alive in the circulation only about five days. It is their job, when infection strikes, to pour out of the marrow in huge numbers and vanquish the invading forces of disease. This accomplished the excess white cells disappear again, leaving the bloodstream with its normal white-cell count.

The leukemia blood picture is fatally different.

A doctor preparing to examine a blood-smear sample from a leukemia victim knows he'll find one of three major possible abnormalities. First, the patient may be leukemic; his blood has too many of both white and parent blast cells. Or he may be sub-leukemic; he has the normal number of white cells but far too many "blast" cells. Finally he may be aleukemic — his blood has too few of either type of cell.

They Tried Phosphate Cocktails

These three categories can be subdivided further still because white cells themselves are broken down into three types, each of which can be involved in a different form of leukemia. What ever type of leukemia is involved the leading question is whether the disease is acute or chronic, whether the patient will live a few months or a few years.

In the case of a child the question is already answered in children up to fourteen leukemia is almost always acute. Chronic leukemia strikes adults between twenty-five and sixty-five (depending on the type of white cell involved) and life expectancy in many cases can be extended to five, ten, even fifteen comfortable years if the disease is treated with suitable X-ray treatments and modern drugs.

Even this last vast change in prospect for the leukemia victim compared with fifty years ago when no form of treatment had any effect. Treatment is at once the hope and the despair with leukemia. Over the past two hundred years there have been intermittent medical reports and newspaper stories of experiments being conducted, new drugs and hormones being tried out, radiation being called into play and many a hoped-for cure proving useless.

In Barrie, Ont., a doctor tried iron arsenate with some success on one patient but it did not have the slightest effect on others. At the University of California School of Medicine patients were fed "cocktails" of radioactive phosphate.

Continued on page 50



Practical Planning

IDEAS

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To save work and steps every day that, above all else is the big objective of all kitchen planning. A little thought in the beginning — to make fullest possible use of the particular space available — can mean a lot later in years of extra convenience. To help you plan, you'll find many worthwhile ideas in a new Crane booklet, just off the press, on the subject of "Planning the Modern Bathroom, Powder Room, Kitchen and Home Laundry." Its number is ADM-5104. Your Plumbing Contractor can show you how you can adapt various suggestions to your own particular needs. Ask him for a copy, or write direct to Crane General Office, 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal.



LAYOUTS—This booklet gives you for example the basic kitchen layouts which have proved their efficiency in practical service. It shows the various arrangements of the basic units, each of which centres one of the kitchen's three main areas: the refrigerator in the Receiving and Storage Area, the range in the Cooking and Serving Area, and in the Preparation and Cleaning-Up Area, the sink, the "work centre" where the day's kitchen duties begin and end.

SINK—There are many variations of modern sinks—but all fall into two main types: the flat rim and the sink-and-drainboard combination unit. A flat rim is the kind you want if you plan to have it built in flush with a tile, linoleum or composition counter top. This type is available in the Crane line, made of sturdy Porcelain-on-Steel or Porcelain Enameled Cast Iron, with either single or double basin and with or without back ledge.

Then there is a complete variety of sink and drainboard combinations—in gleaming porcelain enameled cast iron—suitable for cabinet installation. You can get them with single or double basins—and with drainboards on either or both sides. In making your selection you'd note how Crane equipment is designed to allow for flexible arrangement and how its simplicity and graceful styling is suited to any kitchen, traditional or modern.

MEALS—Most likely you'll be planning to eat in the kitchen quite often—probably at least one meal a day. You'll want to have that cheerful, informal when considering kitchen arrangements. Instead of a regular table you may find it more satisfactory and space-saving to have a "built-in" table—or a foldaway table, a unit which folds up and into the wall. Perhaps you can use your space to provide for breakfast nook preferably in a corner with space under the seats for storage—or a dining bar under which chairs or stools can slide out of the way.

LAUNDRY—If because of space limitations you plan to do the washing in the kitchen, you'll be interested in checking the advantages of a combination sink and laundry tray. It's the ideal fixture for a compact kitchen-laundry. It can be fitted on an attractive enameled plywood or steel cabinet.

STORAGE—Whatever the layout you'll want to have plenty of storage space—both above and below the level of the working surfaces and handy to the appropriate work area. You can make fullest use, for example, of the valuable space under the sink by having a modern under-sink cabinet. All Crane sinks can be supplied with factory-made cabinets to match modern kitchen interiors.

WATER—And when selecting your sink, consider the advantages of getting one of the modern mixing-spout faucets. Instead of having separate hot and cold faucets—with the extra chances of chilling or scalding the hands—this delivers the water at the temperature you desire through one spout. With it you can also get a spray attached to a rubber hose for cleaning vegetables and washing down the sink.

PIPING—An efficient, economical plumbing system depends on not only on having the right fixtures and fittings in kitchen, bathroom and laundry. They're very important—but equally so are all the valves and piping art all right behind the walls which deliver the running water and carry away the waste. They provide another big reason for always checking your plans with your Plumbing Contractor and getting practical advice from him on your various ideas. You can count on him too, to supply you with a *complete* dependable Crane installation to give you years of satisfactory service.

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Continued from page 48

active sodium phosphate. The disease seemed arrested, but not for long. Ten years later the California researchers admitted their experiments had failed. In Toronto an infant and four children treated with phosphorus lived for several months beyond their time but none were cured.

In Memphis a doctor suggested the disease be fought with chicken pox and 'flu germs as the leukemia virus would feed upon them and eat upon the patient. Canadian doctors were sceptical. From Bacteriological Institute Professor W. L. Robinson said it had never been proved that either cancer or leukemia was due to a virus.

But researchers were making some headway. They discovered:

Urethan, a tweety milligram dose of which will give some chronic leukemia patients at one type a healthy interlude in the course of their disease.

Nitrogen mustard, the poison gas of World War I effective in cases of chronic lymphatic leukemia.

X-ray treatment and radium, still the best means of easing certain types of chronic leukemia.

The remarkable folic acid antagonists now being used extensively in the United States to treat acute leukemia in children.

This last discovery is an exciting medical story. A few years ago doctors found that the vitamin folic acid could, like liver, restore the normal blood picture in patients with pernicious anaemia. Next workers at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York reported that folic acid seemed to retard the growth of tumors in mice. Dr. Sidney Farber, of the Children's Hospital in Boston, then tried folic acid on children suffering from acute leukemia and found that it speeded up the course of their disease. Obviously then, what was needed was something that would act in the opposite manner to folic acid. And so there came into the picture the folic acid antagonists, aminopterin, amethopterin and adenopterin—which can cause a partial (sometimes almost complete) return to normalcy in the blood of some youngsters with leukemia. Unfortunately they have certain poisonous side effects including nausea, and are fairly short-lived in their effect.

Finally at long last came ACTH and cortisone, both of which act on the blood in dramatic fashion and are the most promising news to date in fighting acute leukemia. A three week course of ACTH injected at four hour intervals will in certain cases rout every last excess white cell, including the dread "blasts" from both the blood and the bone marrow of a child with advanced acute leukemia, returning him to his home and family for weeks, sometimes even months. (Unhappy side effects of the hormones include high blood pressure and dropsy.) These temporary returns to good health do not last, and seldom does a child respond as well to a second dose.

Only a Matter of Time

In 1950 and 1951 the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children treated thirty-seven patients with ACTH. The results were dramatic. Nineteen of these children were swept back into good health and sent home with their blood and bone marrow cleansed of all diseased white cells, their anaemia halted, their fatigue gone. Four children were slightly improved by the hormone, fourteen showed absolutely no change. Unhappily, in a matter of months the seventeen who had returned to good health had all suffered the cruel leukemic relapse and returned to the hospital. Given a second ACTH treatment, nine or ten children responded with a second return to good health. These in due course suffered a second relapse and were again hospitalized for a third dose of ACTH. This time only four or five showed any improvement. One child out of the original thirty-seven responded to the hormone the fourth time but he too was dead within the year.

As this was written a six year-old girl called Mussie was enjoying a summer vacation with her family at Muskoka, Ont., although her acute leukemia had been diagnosed almost a year before. An energetic lad named Bobbie, ten years old, had just finished his school year and had passed with good marks although doctors had pronounced the hopeless verdict "acute leukemia" six months earlier. Both Mussie and Bobbie are out patients and are expected to return to the hospital for a home and blood test every month—for doctors know it is only a matter of time until the enemy cells come out of hiding and strike again. When that happens Mussie and Bobbie will go back to their beds in the Hospital for Sick Children for further treatment, first with ACTH and if that fails, with one of the anti-folic group or possibly with nitrogen mustard in small doses.

The folic-acid trio, while seldom showing the dramatic results of ACTH or cortisone, nevertheless keep the disease under control and can be administered at home either intravenously or by mouth. The hospital estimates that about thirty percent of the children treated with anti-folics get at least one return to health in the course of their disease.

Oddly enough, an attack of measles or chicken pox, or some such infectious disease may temporarily clear up leukemia. "It's as if the bone marrow, under the stimulus of infection, decided to function in an orderly manner for a change," one doctor says. Another guesses, "It's as if the infection mustered more hormones from the body which in turn fight the leukemia." Nobody knows for sure. The one thing everybody knows is: No child with acute leukemia lives very long.

Some Sufferers Can Still Work

Acute leukemia in adults is another thing—in fact there are some doctors who wonder secretly if perhaps acute leukemia in adults isn't an entirely different disease process from acute leukemia in children, since the drugs and hormones which work so effectively in one case don't always work in the other. ACTH, for example, has comparatively little effect on adults; the same is true of the anti-folic group. Symptoms of acute leukemia in adults are the same as in children: progressive anaemia, pains in the joints, pallor, fatigue. In chronic adult leukemia doctors can sometimes combine nitrogen mustard, radiation and one of the anti-folics so successfully that many a patient is kept in comfortable health for a year beyond his expected span. But one physician recently observed, "The trouble is that each patient is different from the others. There is no completely dependable pattern of reaction to the various treatments. One man with chronic leukemia may stubbornly resist all treatment; another may develop the disease suddenly in its advanced acute form, a third will show great improvement after treatment. Some farmers with chronic leukemia are working their farms today, laborers are doing heavy manual work with no ill effects and pregnant women are bearing fine healthy infants.

A doctor at the Toronto General Hospital sums up the treatment situation this way: "The first step is to make our chronic leukemia patients feel well. The next is to keep them feeling well longer. The third step is to extend that time and feeling of well being longer still. It's true there's no cure for the disease in sight yet, but we're laying our hands on an army of drugs to fight with. Look at mercury for syphilis, quinine for malaria, liver for pernicious anaemia, insulin for diabetes. Look at diseases like tuberculosis, meningitis, gallbladder disruption, typhus, tetanus—all these were considered hopelessly fatal once, but not any more. Look at drugs like penicillin, streptomycin, penicillin, and the things they do.

"We haven't any cure for leukemia yet, but we're showing that the very process of the disease can be affected, altered, interfered with. That may not look like much to the layman, but medically it's a great step forward. Some day there'll be a cure." ★





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The West Coast's Worst Disaster

Continued from page 17

first bucket of fabulously rich gold gravel at Eldorado Creek twenty years before.

Eighty of the passengers were steamboat men who during the summer took the little white stern wheelers through the rapids and shoals and broad stretches of the great romantic river which the Indians named Yukon. There was Capt. C. J. Bloomquist, master of the Dawson which was to crash up in Rink Rapids six years later, and Arthur Lewis, purser of the Casca which was destined to smash against the Dawson's sunken bulk a decade after that. There was Capt. John Green, master of the steamer Yukon which followed the serpentine twists of its namesake river from Dawson City to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Mrs. Charles Cousins of Victoria had gone north for the summer to visit her husband and planned to return with him. But business kept him in the north after she was safely alone.

Capt. James Alexander, forty-one, big handsome veteran of the Dragoon Guards, a gallop for Sir John French in the South African War, had plans of his own. He had spent a decade developing the famous Engineer Mine near Atlin, B.C. Now he was planning to sell and it was common gossip he could get more than two million dollars for it. He planned to buy an island in the Gulf of Georgia, build a hunting lodge, get a yacht and open a big mansion in Vancouver to introduce his wife to society.

Old Charlie Queen, a wealthy bachelor, was heading for Vancouver where he'd been alderman and hotelkeeper. He spent his summers mining claims on Spruce Creek, his winters talking to friends on every street corner in Vancouver. He knew everyone in town.

Murray Eade and his wife prepared for bed. Mrs. Eade put a linen bag filled with five thousand dollars in jewels under her pillow. Their prosperous Royal Alexandra Hotel in Dawson City had made them rich. They hadn't been outside since the gold-rush days. Back in 1901 they'd booked on the steamer Islander but changed their minds at the last minute. The Islander went down with scores lost. Ever since the Eade had been fearful of shipwreck. So they stayed on in the Yukon. Now that they were growing old they had stifled their fears and were going to visit relatives. They had changed their wills, which had been in favor of each other—now they were made out to the next-of-kin. If they drowned together there would be no long court cases.

Down in the crew quarters there were life and excitement. Fred Harvey, steward, told the boys that this was one year he'd spend Christmas with his wife and family. It would be the first time in years for he was just back from France where he'd been wounded. Two fifteen year-olds, Lionel Olsen and

Intermissions

I don't mind the guy who's "too funny for words"
Give him time, and his act will be done.
I can't say as much for a certain few birds
Who are simply too wordy for fun

—IVAN J. COLLINS



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Frank Burke were stewards too. They signed on the Sophia when a flu epidemic closed their Vancouver school. They were new to the sea and excited by it.

It was a happy ship that steamed at full speed through the Alaskan night of Oct. 22-23 toward the wicked hidden rock that bears the innocent name of Vanderbilt Reef.

She hit with a grinding shudder. The whole ship trembled like a woman in terror. People were hurled from their bunks. Dishes smashed in the galley. Passengers threw on clothes, wrapped blankets around themselves, peered through portholes and scrambled over each other to reach the decks. There was nothing to be seen but blackness. Sophia, listing at a dizzy angle, lay still. Through the gale, screaming in the rigging, officers shouted at one another that the ship was aground.

Locke checked his charts and sent officers to examine the ship's bottom. She was not holed. The captain decided there was no immediate danger. He told the passengers to go back to sleep; they were quite safe.

Unable to Transfer Passengers

Daylight found a convoy of small craft hovering about the stricken ship. The storm had somewhat abated. At 9 a.m. Capt. Lockuson sent his first wireless message to Capt. Troup in Victoria: "Princess Sophia ran on Vanderbilt Reef at 3 a.m. Ship not taking water. Unable to back off at high water. Ship pounded. Assistance on way from Juneau."

First to reach Sophia was the U. S. steamer Cedar under Capt. Leadbetter. Locke and Leadbetter shouted through megaphones.

"What about the passengers?" asked Leadbetter.

Locke shouted back: "We're all right. The ship's safe. We'll wait till the gale moderates. It's too dangerous now."

Sophia was wedged high in a V-shaped crevice in the reef. Her stern hung over the white-capped waters, which broke against her sides. The passengers seemed happy enough. Cedar's crew could hear the piano and there was singing. Passengers could be seen on deck, quite calm. No one shouted to the Cedar except Capt. Locke.

At 4:32 p.m. Oct. 24 Locke wirelessed Troup: "Sophia still fast on reef, resting safely, strong northerly wind, unable to transfer passengers until wind moderates or perhaps at high water; steamer and two gasboats standing by."

Troup wirelessed back. "Report what assistance you have secured also condition. Do you think she will come off next high water? Advise disposition passengers."

"I Make This My Last Will ..."

The dusk of a new night closed in. Snow came again in swirling flurries. Visibility was very poor. To Aurie W. McQueen, of the U.S. Signal Corps, wrote his mother: "It's storming now, about a fifty mile wind—and we can only see a couple of hundred yards on account of snow and spray. We were going along at full speed when she hit a rock and for a while there was some excitement but no panic. Two women fainted and one got herself into a black evening dress and didn't worry about who saw her putting it on. Some of the men kept life preservers on for an hour or so and seemed to think there was no chance for us. The captain was afraid she would turn turtle, but her bow slipped until she settled into a groove well supported forward on both sides and now she is on the rock clear back to the middle and can't get off."

James Maskell, a young Englishman, did seem writing too: "We struck the reef in a blinding snowstorm. A number of passengers were thrown out of their berths and great excitement prevailed. Boats were made ready to lower when information was received that the boat was not taking water. The passengers became quiet. Owing to the storm the boats were not lowered. This morning we are surrounded by a number of small boats, but it is too rough to transfer the passengers. In the realism that we are surrounded by grave danger ... I make this, my last will."

At 11:29 p.m. Oct. 24 Locke wirelessed Troup: "Ship sitting firmly on reef, unable to transfer passengers on account of strong northwest sea; ship pounding heavily; cannot get off without salvage gear."

Weather Getting Worse

Princess Sophia and her passengers got through another night on Vanderbilt Reef while the seas pounded against the vessel's sides.

At daylight the next morning Locke wirelessed Troup: "Steamer Cedar and three gasboats standing by, unable to take off passengers account strong northerly gale and big sea running, ship hard and fast with bottom badly damaged but not making water. Unable to back off reef, main steam pipe broken; disposition of passengers normal."

The wind came up again after daylight. The snow grew thicker. The gasboat Estebeth under Capt. Davis got within fifty feet of the Princess Sophia. Davis and Locke talked through megaphones.

"Do you think the weather is going down?" shouted Locke.

"Hell, no. More likely going up," Davis roared back.

The weather was not too bad when Davis arrived. He saw a Sophia lifeboat in the water. He saw it raised to the deck and an hour later lowered again. Four men in the boat were examining Sophia's bottom. The boat was rowed clear round the Sophia.

The passengers somehow managed to put in the daylight hours of Oct. 25 cheered by the vessels standing by. Darkness closed in early over the Lynn Canal that day. The wind increased and snow came thick. The rescue vessels scurried for shelter. Sophia was left alone on the reef, angry seas pounding her weakening hull, the rocks eating more and more into her bulkheads.

Cedar waited in a quiet cove not many miles away. Capt. Leadbetter

Continued on page 54

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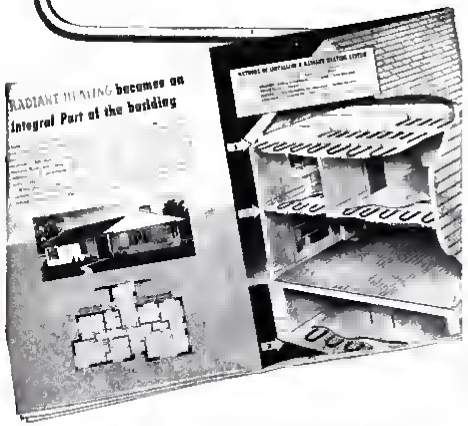
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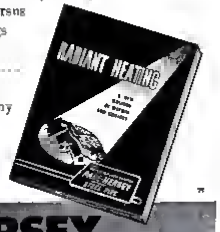
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Continued from page 52

was worried. Perhaps the storm would go down. Perhaps Capt. Locke would allow his passengers off at daylight. At 5 p.m. Cedar picked up this wireless message: "We are foundering on reef. For God's sake come and save us."

Cedar left her cove and wirelessed back: "Coming full speed but cannot see on account thick snow and heavy seas." Sophia replied: "All right, but for God's sake hurry. Water coming into room."

Cedar could not reach it. Her skipper couldn't see the bow of his own vessel. He had to return to shelter. Half an hour later another message came from Sophia: "Just in time to say good-by. We are foundering." It was the last word the world heard.

Next day, Oct. 26, Vancouver Province editor Ray Brown scored a notable scoop when, on a tip from a CPR telegraph operator, he gave the world the first news of the tragedy. Three hours later, at 5 p.m., the CPR broke its own silence with a terse message from its head office in Montreal: "The President regrets to announce the loss of the company's steamer Princess Sophia with all passengers and crew."

Alaska and the Yukon were shocked and plunged into grief. Flags flew at half mast for days. There was hardly a family in Dawson City that wasn't touched. Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle talked of little else. The war news became secondary.

It was the worst shipping disaster in Pacific Coast history. There had been heavy loss of life before—but never anything like this—three hundred and forty-three people gone, not a soul saved. Rumors flew thick and fast—there had been survivors. But it was false news. The only survivor was a brown-and-white English setter that arrived at Tee Harbor two days after the disaster, his fur greasy with oil. The animal was so afraid of water that at one point, when crossing a creek on a footbridge, he kept his head between his paws and crawled across.

No one will ever know what happened in those last terrible hours. Passengers' watches stopped between five and seven p.m. The ship apparently went quickly once she started to break up. It is believed she split in two and the stern plunged off the rock to the bottom. The bow portion was ground against the rock and went into the sea the other side of the reef. When Cedar arrived at daylight, Oct. 26, the tip of the forward mast was showing. Lifeboats had not been lowered; there was no time. Besides, the sickening list of Sophia had made it impossible to work the davits.

More than three hundred coffins were rushed north from Seattle. The bodies found were frozen solid and covered with oil from Sophia's fuel tanks. The Princess Alice, sent north to rescue Sophia passengers, returned to Vancouver a floating hearse, her flag at half staff.

The fury raging in Vancouver saved some people from death in Sophia. They had had to cancel reservations because of illness. This caused a confusion of names. Some names were published as being lost when their owners weren't aboard at all. All day long the phone rang in the W. D. Geoghegan home in Vancouver. He answered the phone himself to explain that, though listed as lost, he had actually signed off the crew the previous trip.

For several days small boats looked for bodies. One Sophia passenger swam fifteen miles and was found dead in sitting position on a beach, his coat over his head. Frank Gosse, Sophia's second mate, may have reached shore alive as footprints were seen in the sand near his frozen body.

A Negro woman's body was found with eighty thousand dollars in bills sewed into her clothing. In the belt around the waist of another was forty thousand dollars in bills and gold dust. In the lines big tied to the neck of another woman was a rich hoard of diamonds and rubies.

A number of babies were lashed to lifeboats. William O'Brien was found with his arms locked tight around the frozen body of one of his boys.

It took the armistice of Nov. 11 to finally knock the Princess Sophia tragedy from the front pages. Long litigation followed. For years lawyers fought for damages for next-of-kin of Sophia dead. Old seadogs still argue whether Capt. Locke took a right course.

Governor Thomas Riggs of Alaska said: "I have examined the log of the steamer Cedar ... and I am convinced no blame can be attached to Capt. Locke. Had the transfer taken place and led loss of life accompanied it, Capt. Locke would have been blamed. The master of the steamer Cedar states that he would have acted as Capt. Locke did. It seemed impossible Sophia could have moved from the cradle of rock in which she rested."

In direct contradiction to this a Juneau resident, Paul Graham, who had been on one of the rescue boats, said: "Every man, woman and child could have been saved. I believe I could have taken them off in a rowboat. We were told that if the rescue boats had been Canadian or British they would have been allowed to take the passengers, but they were American and that settled it with Capt. Locke."

There were many formal enquiries. Capt. Davis of the Estebeth testified at one: "You could have operated between the Princess Sophia and the Estebeth in a Peterborough canoe." Capt. Cyril D. Nerontios, marine superintendent of the B.C. Coast Service, asked his opinion of Locke running Sophia full speed in a snow storm, answered with one word: "Unwise."

Ottawa appointed a royal commission which reported: "The conclusion is ... the ship was lost through peril of the seas. As to why passengers were not landed is a matter of conjecture ... we find it was not unreasonable for Capt. Locke not to land his passengers."

Immediately after the disaster the CPR put in a new order that the first duty of a ship's captain after stranding was to get his passengers ashore.

By 1933 claims against the company had reached the Supreme Court of the United States. In the end the courts found no liability and as a result of this decision no passenger claims were paid. ★

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You Laughed at My Father

Continued from page 15

shouted at them, half-crying, half-appealing, yet leaving a slight edge for insult. "Why don't you pick on someone your own size. Go and hang Ned Kelly! Leave me alone."

Ozzie's big face and broad teeth were bright talismans of his good humor—reflections of a restless and rough young man who would find no peace in the small Australian bush town.

"Hop it, Edgar!" he was shouting as he let another hailstone fly. "You're spoiling our fun. Run for it, Edgar!"

Edgar ran, but he ran for the cart and as he clambered up the back he heard the shout behind. He tripped over the long black figure of Poor Tom, but he had the reins off the stanchion and was slapping them on the mare. Before she could move Pat Murphy came up and leaped in the air with his hands up and his voice in a whoop. The sight of it scared Weary up on her hind legs. She pigrooted and rose for a moment, then leaped forward with Edgar pulling hard on the reins to prevent her colliding with the back of Jack Jenkins' old Ford car.

"Let her go, Edgar!" the larrikins shouted.

The boy didn't hear. Weary was bolting down the pot-holed street, her iron hoofs clanking like armor, and the steel shod wheels roaring and thundering so that the noise brought out the whole town.

"It's Poor Tom!" they cried.

Poor Tom was bouncing on the floor of his wood cart, and the wood dust was scattering a red trail behind him. Edgar was standing on the cart, his small body bouncing and jerking with the hard shakes, his arms wide as he held the flying reins. As he caught Weary's gallop he shouted and slapped down the reins so that she fled along the road with an equine devil behind her.

Out came the shopkeepers and the townspeople to see Poor Tom bouncing flat on his back, as his son fled the town.

"Is that a load of wood you're selling, Edgar?" shouted Mr. Drew, the draper—the happiest man in St. Helen.

Mr. Mee, the butcher, with a blue and white apron round and round his wide stomach, called to Edgar. "Bet you ten-to-one you lose him on the way."

"Tuckum, Edgar!" cried Cornell, the barber.

They all shouted, and encouraged: the chemist, the baker, the cake lady, the dressmaker, the grocer, the ironmonger, the food merchant. It was the latter — a horse fancier — who shouted, "Hitch your old man to the traces, Edgar, and you'll be in the city by morning."

The minister was at the gate of his church but he turned away in disgust and Edgar met a shower of stones from the small boys who were playing near to Moore's garage. He managed to bend and sweep up a handful of chips to throw back fiercely, but they disintegrated in the air and he could only shout frustrations.

"Wait till I get you at school tomorrow!"

"Poor Tom is dotto," they chimed. "Poor Tom is blotto!"

He recognized two of them, boys who would normally not bother him nor check him, for they were poor boys themselves. One was Freddie Pratt, whose brother was a half-wit but he shouted and laughed and Edgar shouted back.

"I'll get you, Freddie Pratt! You wait, Freddie!"

"So you're old man!" shouted Freddie Pratt.

Edgar heard the laughter trailing out behind him as by left the shops, but he brought out the housewives. Mrs. Bell, the councillor's wife, whose fierce dog barked at his old enemy on the wagon; the doctor's wife; the lawyer's wife and lower down a few more yeoths and laughing girls. Edgar was almost out of the town when Mrs. Keith Thompson waved to him from her front garden. Edgar waved back and shouted, "Hullo, Mrs. Thompson!" She was the wife of Thompson the Drover, and she was a woman lonely.

"Hullo, Edgar," she called. "Do you want some of my bread?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Thompson. Haven't time today. Good-by! Good-by!"

Edgar almost fell safe from the town as he slowed down old Weary, but he suddenly came upon the policemen. Constable Bull. Constable Bull was riding a black bike and as he saw the cart approaching he dismounted and waved Edgar to get off the middle of the road.

"You're as bad as your old man," Constable Bull shouted out. "Get off the road and slow down that hurricane you're cutting up the highway!"

"Yessir," said Edgar and pulled the mare over and held her to a walk.

"And get that drunken old man out of town," said the Constable.

"Yessir."

EDGAR sat down and let Weary follow her own course home. He had to think this out, forgetting his father behind him, but remembering the gauntlet he had run. The whole thing was not understandable—in no way understandable. It was all a wall of circumstance that surrounded him. That was all he could see. Nevertheless he needed revenge and revenge to Edgar was a plan to burn down the town every street of it, every stick of the low wooden houses and weatherboard stores and even the town's only three storied building, the Prince Hotel. He could picture and sense the whole town in flames, the people running about lost and mad while Edgar himself walked about, shouting and laughing at their predicament. The only trouble with this scheme was the existence of a fire brigade, to which Ossie Old and Pat Murphy were leading volunteers. A good fire always made heroes out of larrikins and this final injustice made Edgar abandon the idea.

His father was still asleep on the cart but the jolting had rolled him over to one side of it and his long body was twisted about into a tortured position, his long arms half wrapped about himself and his thin legs stretched in a sprawl of abandon. He was covered with red dust and dirt and his face was scratched and black.

Poor Tom, like this was an exhausted man with a cross of silence about him and torments of noise inside him, a man as unknown to Edgar as Edgar was unknown to him. The boy looked away from him, hating him for that moment because it wasn't his father he saw but Poor Tom who was mocked by the town. Poor Tom, the man who would get roaring drunk once or twice a year and then, in shame perhaps, disappear for a month into the bush, leaving his boy to fend for himself. Poor Tom, who never spoke to the townspeople, the silent punished man with a secret in his life which no one shared. The man with a silent hostility to the town which the town would never forgive. It was too much for a boy to understand, and Edgar also doned it to pure blind anger.

As he came to the level crossing near the river he forgot the town as he saw the evening train from the city plunging down the track. Its sturdy thun-



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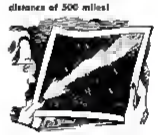
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dering approach had him in a moment of delight and as he saw the engine drew close and recognized the driver as Mr MacFee he was up on his feet, shouting at the top of his voice

"Go it, Mr MacFee! Go it, Bob!"

When Mr MacFee pulled off his denim cap and waved it and shouted from his black face "Hullo, Edgar!" the boy was a jumping ball of ecstasy and he cried in a shrill voice, "Paper! Paper! Paper!" waiting for someone to hurl a morning city paper out of the window. He watched for known faces, and he recognized Mr. Wrazel the manx teacher and Miss Brill the dancing teacher, and two or three stockmen from Malcol. No one threw a paper for he had caught them late. Other boys were farther up the line and he could see them in the distance, gathering the flying sod scattering sheets. He watched the train waiting until it turned the bend to slow down and stop at St. Hilaire next station.

Then he sat down and let out a tremendous breath of pleasure but he turned around quickly as he saw that his father was sitting bolt upright. For a moment he thought his father had watched him in his abandon but then he saw that Poor Tom's red eyes were red upon the horizon. He was staring, unseeing, unconscious.

He looked Dad. Edgar said to his father. "I'm back."

His father did not move and Edgar could not approach him to ease him back as he started up weary. As he drove across the rails the bumping collapsed his father again. He drove on down the gravel road, right down to the fenced in paddock near the river.

Having driven weary into the enclosure he got off the cart and walked out, leaving her harnessed, leaving the cart just as it was with his father on it. He did not lift the split rail behind him but left everything there for his father to believe that the mare had just walked home on her own. For him, he did not know if he was saving his father the shame of his son, or saving himself the embarrassment of his father. He simply left the rig and rowed himself across from the Victorian side of the river to the New South Wales side where stood the two and-a-half roomed wooden house in which he lived with his father.

He washed the leather sweat from his face and hands in a tub near the river and he lit the oil lamp as the cool spring sky went fading down the reaches of the Big River. He raked the coals of the iron stove in the big kitchen and lit it with kindling wood and boxwood until it caught and blazed. Then he cooked a mutton chop and ate it with tomato sauce and white bread, drinking thick tea with condensed milk. When he had finished he went to the door to look across the river to see if his father had awakened.

The sky was too dark, but he knew that the cold evening air would soon revive his father and bring him briefly home. Edgar had no intention for either's sake of facing his father as he was as he turned out the light and closed up the fire. He usually slept in the big warm kitchen but he knew that his father would stumble into the first bed he could find as he went into his father's room to lie down on the bed to wait without sleep for his father's return.

He forgot his father as he tried again to think up some adequate revenge upon the town for its mockery. Then he forgot the town because the hunt for revenge sat him dreaming again into images of its destruction. But this violent little odyssey wearied him and drove him into sleep without satisfying the fleeting bitterness of his cry for an equalizer to life.

IN THE faint spring dawn Edgar did not rise as usual and light the fire and make breakfast. He pretended sleep.

As the dogs across the river barked as the kookaburras laughed and the cockatoos shrieked, Poor Tom awakened in the kitchen and up. For once one he talked to himself as he walked about, then he kept quiet as if he had caught himself at it. He tried to keep his actions quiet but in the long process of getting away his best suit and packing his blanket roll and his kit, he knocked and groaned and sighed. He went out without eating and as Edgar sat up in the first light he could hear his father rowing across the river, hitching up the cart, and driving weary up the gravel road over the railway line.

Only then did Edgar get up. He could see his father going up the hill and he would rise when he would be back. Most likely the bush would hold Poor Tom silent and guilty for three or four weeks. When he eventually returned with a load of wood Edgar would have to go around with him selling it, talking for him to the townspeople with whom Tom himself would never talk.

In the meantime Edgar would be alone and he began to sing his favorite song:

O Derry Vale, my little heart is
yere ear-ning
For your green isle and fairy-
circled lea.

He sang in a high pitched shriek but when he went outside to wash his face at the bench he hit his voice out and the people across the river could hear the thin clear sound distilled in the early morning. Some of them stopped to listen to him, particularly the Flanagans. Mrs. Flanagan an Irish immigrant, came out to listen and to say to her husband that the angels came down out of the heavens when Edgar sang. This was not Edgar's intention at all. He liked the nice clear achievement of each note, the higher it went the longer he held it, very pleased with his sound making caught and carried away with the freedom of it, but not sentimental. Never sentimental.

He was too hungry to keep it up for long and he lit the fire and began his breakfast. He had stale bread for toast and three eggs which he boiled in a black iron porridge pot. He put in jam tin of dripping by the fire to soften it and as it all came to a head, he sat down at the kauri table and tucked it away, eating and drinking at the same time. He put his bare feet out to the fire and watched through the open door for the morning train to the city to pass by on the other side of the river. Usually he was up on the track to see it, but he was late this morning, and when it appeared he ran to the door and waved across the space.

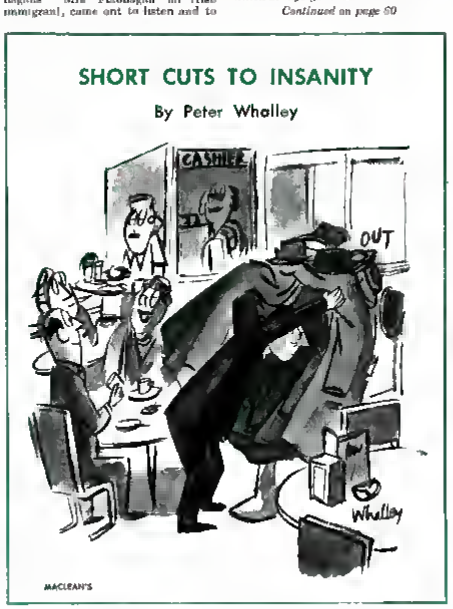
This morning he felt his company and he left for school immediately. First however, he checked the height of the river by the stick he kept at its lip level. The river had fallen an inch in two days, a sure sign of an early summer. He moved the stick down to the new level and rowed across against the quick tow. He tied up the boat and began the slowest and longest route to school.

He walked along the railway line and then on the sleepers supporting it, hopping on each one, turning up blue stones from time to time on a hunt for dragon-tailed lizards. When he saw one of the small reptiles he held its tail. Its cold lip came off in his hand, still wriggling as the rest of the lizard ran away free. It was a phenomenon which always gave him wonder.

Continued on page 60

SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



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Continued from page 58

He wearied his arm with steadily throwing—at the poles at the fence posts at the line (which set off a spark when the stone glanced off it), and most particularly at any sparrow starling finch or tit that came within range. The one target he did resist since it was broad daylight was the insulator cups on the telephone and electric line posts.

Once he shouted "Hullo Dummy!" But Percy couldn't hear him for Dummy was deaf and dumb but Edgar waved to the little humpback boy riding his bike along a sandy path and Dummy returned the greeting by touching his mouth and throwing his fingers forward, as if throwing a silent word to Edgar. Dummy was a tow-pointed and young man and Edgar was pleased with the greeting particularly since Dummy was a great friend of his principal enemy Ozzie Old.

He did not greet the few people whom he saw in the back yards facing the railway line for they were the townspeople to whom Poor Tom was mad and his son a freak. However when the railway gangers came along the line on a four-wheeled trolley he waited until the last moment (when it seemed that they would run him over) and no they shouted at him and actually stopped working the levee locomotion he leaped off the line to the gravel path safe in his defiance as the trolley kept going.

"You young tike!" Tim Banner the head ganger shouted back at him. "You keep off this bloody line or I'll lather your backside when I catch you."

Tim Banner could never catch Edgar, they both knew, but Edgar did not check him. He stood on the line balancing with his hands out watching the trolley disappear. He admired Tim. He was the fattest man in the town and the strongest. he had once lifted a baby Austin car clean off the ground by its front wheels.

"Tim Banner," he shouted into the distance, "ain't worth a tanner!"

For a while he walked behind Pit Potter the blacksmith's man and the river thief. Pit was a tiny man, and fifty yards behind him Edgar kept equal stride imitating the sway of his body and the swinging hands with the billycan lunch. When Pit turned around and caught him at it, Edgar was off like a shot diving between the fence wires and taking the short cut up through the houses. He knew that Pit was as likely as not to chase him and give him a solid kick on the backside, for Pit recognized in Edgar the one person in St. Helen who knew most about his river stealing and at every opportunity he would scare the daylights out of the boy to keep his silence and respect.

"Pit Potter, the crayfish hogger," Edgar said in safety.

NOW THAT he was among the low houses and the high fences of the town Edgar did not dawdle and journey as much but walked in and out the tall gum trees which lined the road, sometimes looking for gum moths, but generally uncomfortable on the town. When he came out on the main road when his bare feet found the smooth warm asphalt path he became a small boy suiting to school.

Each house here had a green front lawn, rose bushes, hedges, and a decorative wire fence. Sometimes a house had an asphalt path leading to the front door, and one or two of the new houses had cement paths. Edgar inspected these prosperous houses as a Cockney might inspect Buckingham Palace wondering what it was that went on inside them and how the people lived. He saw Mr. Penn, the dentist, kissing his wife good-by, a most embarrassing thing to Edgar, for Edgar couldn't remember ever being kissed in his life. A little further along he stopped to stare at the house of Doctor Meadows. It was the only brick house in the street, one of the few in the town. It was the ruby house with a tiled roof. They were green tiles with crowing cocks at each pointed gable. As he stared at the brick verandah and the headlight windows and the polished electric bell he was suddenly aware that the Doctor's wife was in a corner of the garden digging with gloved hands.

"Do you throw stones on my roof?" she said to Edgar pulling off her gloves and showing her rings as if they were handfuls of dew.

"No, Mrs. Meadows," said Edgar. Though he would have boasted "yes" to all the others he was telling the truth to Mrs. Doctor Meadows, for he admired the green tiles too much to stone them.

"Well I know you do!" Mrs. Doctor Meadows said. "So don't let Constable Bull catch you or you'll be in jail in a jiffy. And if I catch you I'll tell your headmaster and then look out."

Edgar's inward guilt was written all over him, and he said "Yes, Mrs. Meadows," and ran off down the street turning off the main road at the first dirt crossroad staring no more at the houses. He walked the road leaping out of the way at the last minute as Smith's Dodge truck came by. He choked in the dust of Roy Tilley's Indian motor bike, which followed it.

"You'll be late for school, Edgar!" Roy called to him.

Edgar said "No, I won't!" He couldn't see it as a joke, and he knew he was several hours early for school. He was nearly there now and, though he delayed his arrival into the school grounds for as long as he could by walking through the town dump, there came the moment when he had nothing else to do but crawl through the wire fence, avoiding the gate entrance as something completely unnecessary in a school.

The school was a large building divided into two parts, the upper school and the lower school. It was close to the earth with a corrugated iron roof that sloped down to a surrounding veranda, making it an oddly shaped bungalow, shaded by one or two gum trees and a drooping pepper corn tree. Surrounding it on its slope, was a large area of dry ground which ended in tall grass and a few trees at the foot of the slope. Beyond that

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was the first farmland of the town a hog pasture for the Wilberforce Dairy cows.

There was no one in sight in the school grounds and the school itself was shut up tight. Edgar kept away from the buildings. He sat by the green-banked gutter for a while breaking the thin film of thin ice and looking for frogs which he knew were not there. He ran with his bare legs through the thick front lawn then he galloped off down the dry hard slope, kicking at himself like a horse. At the foot of the slope by an old stump he brought out two marbles he had in his pocket and though it was not the marble season he played black track up to the main gate. He hung on the gate, waiting for someone else to turn up, and catching the increasing activity of the town as horses and carts went by, trucks bounced on the gravel and the first dray of rubbish went into the tip. He hop-skipped-and-jumped across the girls' playground stood on his hands with his feet against the sunny wall, and finally sat on the ground with his hands behind his head his back against the wall thinking about the coming summer.

"What there, Edgar!"

Scotty Campbell had arrived.

"Up there Scotty!" Edgar said and got up. "Have you got any marbles?"

"I've got a couple of thousand at home but I haven't any on me."

A thousand marbles was an impossible lie particularly for Scotty, who was a bad marble player and a poor boy. But Edgar knew better than to say "Get off it" to Scotty for his boasting for Scotty was always looking for a fight and as a fighter he was as hard as a nail.

Six months ago Scotty had been the most tortured boy in the school for he was an immigrant speaking a Scottish dialect completely ununderstandable to anyone in the school. He had been a fair target for all including Edgar. Everything about Scotty had been laughable: his strange mother who wore bonnets and drove into town with a horse and dray; his Bible-reading father with red hair; the mud hog near the river which an immigration movement had fobbed off onto him as a farm. Finally there was Scotty's horse Bitser—a draught horse, an enormous brute with shaggy legs. Scotty rode it from miles to school and the sight of that square figure with a British face mounted on a mountain of a draught horse was enough to set the whole town laughing. Until one day Scotty had leaped off his horse, a wild and unintelligible Highland cry on his lips and there in the street beaten Jack Murphy into the dust. Having tasted blood he had fought his way clean through the school to boys who were older and bigger than himself, compensating his pride at the same time with larger and bigger boasts as a challenge to any boy to deny and defy him.

He had Edgar's respect, but not his regard nor yet all his fear, and Edgar sensed every time he met Scotty that some day they would have to fight it out. Scotty was always looking for it, and Edgar was always trying to avoid it, yet the day had to come.

Actually Scotty was not as ludicrous as he boasted—he always but he did not make contact impossible.

"What about the new teacher?" Scotty was saying to Edgar. "Have you seen her? She comes from the city, and what a tart!"

"I haven't seen her," Edgar said, "but I'm putting a frilled neck lizard in her desk this morning."

"Ah," said Scotty, "you're not game. Where's the lizard?"

"I haven't found one yet," Edgar

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replied . . . came running down the slope to get near . . . feet off to come."

"The truth path, hastily and they were off down school. In the tall grass and the rocks, there had a frilled neck lizard, a pre-historic hedgehog with a thorny hide and . . . Scientific face.

Edgar knew with leading looking for these things . . . Scotty, but Scotty was not a boy to be told anything and he made his own search, mostly in the wrong places. At first Edgar's searches were half hearted since his boast had only been a half truth. He had thought of putting a lizard in the new teacher's desk but now that he was being forced into actually doing it, he did not apply himself with any energy. Unfortunately, as more boys arrived at the school the word got about and Edgar was joined by twenty other boys, hunting for a lizard. The excitement and the boasting of it got into Edgar, and he began to hunt in earnest.

Lost in his boast Edgar was afraid that someone else might do it instead. He was the acknowledged expert on lizards and all other bush life, so he felt it to be his right.

"I bet you get the wind up," said Tom Appleyard.

"That's all you know," replied Edgar. "If we find two I'll put them both in her desk."

This was inviting real trouble from the headmaster, but Edgar urged on his helpers saying, "Look there . . . under that rock . . . dig around that part . . . lift up that old tin can . . . down near the canal."

As the school hour of nine o'clock drew close it seemed that they would not find a lizard. It was too early; it wasn't warm enough yet for the reptiles to be lying in the sun. In desperation Edgar shook on the fence posts to see if he could scare one out and when he saw a grey streak shoot out of the grass near him he shouted "Here's one!" and started the chase.

The lizard had no chance. The boys held it at bay and Edgar reached down among his admiring schoolfellows and grasped the lizard. It was a horrible monster a foot long and horny with spines. In a defensive position it spread out a great umbrella neck, a furious attempt to frighten its enemies. All boys knew by its oval pattern of teeth that it was not deadly but a bite could be poisonous and damaging and the teeth had to be avoided.

Edgar grasped it behind the neck then swung it around to scare the others. Then he began to put it to sleep by rubbing its white stomach up and down from its tail to its chin. The bell rang, and he had to keep rubbing it as he walked to the school surrounded by the boys.

"Nix," one of them said. "Old Chalk-and-talker will see us." Chalk-and-talker was Mr. Walker, the school master.

They split up and, as each class formed a line to march into the classrooms, Edgar slipped in beforehand, raised the lid of the special desk near the blackboard, gave the lizard a few more strokes and placed it gently on a box of chalk, its frilled neck out, its sleepy eyes staring ferociously ahead. Edgar was in his seat by the time the class entered.

Mr. Walker brought in the new teacher to introduce her and for a black moment Edgar thought that old Chalk-and-talker might open the desk himself. This was something he hadn't counted on. Mr. Walker stood at the desk and drummed on it with his fingers as he addressed the class.

"Sixth form boys and girls," he said in the ready irritation of a man talking to country bumpkins. "This is Miss

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Harmsworth, who will teach you for the rest of the year."

For a quick moment Edgar took his eyes off the teacher's desk to look at Miss Harmsworth. He saw a nervous young woman with very black hair and pink cheeks, a city woman, neat and progressive in her grey woolen dress. She was already overwhelmed by the sight of twenty twelve-year-old anarchists. They were inspecting her with deliberate appraisal to see if she would be easy or strict, and all of them knew at a glance what Patchy White said to Edgar.

"She's easy!"

"White! You can write twenty lines on keeping a still tongue," said Mr. Walker, his tight English suit a measure of his dignity, his irritated lips a weapon of revenge. "Now I warn you," Mr. Walker went on. "Any unruliness, any lack of control and discipline, any slacking simply because Miss Harmsworth is new, and there'll be trouble, and I know the troublemakers. Do you hear what I am saying? Any nonsense and there will be punishment: strap, detention, or a letter home."

Miss Harmsworth stood silently by, her face getting pinker, her eyes more startled, her whole expression an admission of being bushed. Mr. Walker had scared the lot of them, and when he had tasted the best of it, he turned the class over to the frightened young lady and marched out with a sad wind of hatred.

Miss Harmsworth looked at the boys and girls as if they were sea waves they might break upon her at any moment. She was scarlet by now and when Scotty Campbell cried, "Up there, Miss Harmsworth!" the laugh burst around her and she stepped up on the dais and knocked on the desk for silence. Every child in the room expected the lizard to awake and leap out, and the sudden hush of expectancy rather surprised and confused Miss Harmsworth. For a moment she regained the confidence which Mr. Walker had taken away.

"Now children," she began.

"Boys and girls!" corrected Fish Sharkey. "They always call us boys and girls in the country, Miss."

"All right, boys and girls."

"Miss." One of the girls, a tight little head from the Derry Downs, was asking to leave the room.

"No, you must wait," said Miss Harmsworth.

"Please Miss!"

The class had its hands up, demanding permission to clean the blackboard, sharpen the pencils, open the windows, light the fire, break the chalk.

"No!" cried Miss Harmsworth and rapped the desk again.

The silence was amazing.

"We will begin with history. Have you all got your books?"

"Yes Miss."

"Now where were you?" She held up her own copy of Bean's Empire History and Edgar could see that she had all her books and might never have to open her desk, even for chalk. That meant that the next teacher might get the lizard, and the next teacher was Miss Galway, a grey haired Irish dictatress, older than the town of St. Helen.

Inevitable Conclusion

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board . . . a desk was bang . . . worth looked up . . . rapped the desk again.

The silence was something she had never experienced in her life before.

Miss Harmsworth looked for the quietest and humblest boy in the class, the safest, and she saw Edgar, who alone seemed to have a terrible stillness about him or he stared below him; in fact he was nearly goggle-eyed.

"The boy with the red hair," she said. "What is your name?"

"Edgar," they all shouted.

Edgar lifted his eyes, startled. He stood up by his desk.

"Edgar," Miss Harmsworth said as gently and persuasively as she could to this ragged little boy for whom she felt a little sorry. "What was the Black Hole of Calcutta?"

Edgar paused, blushed and fidgeted. "I suppose a coal mine, Miss," he said. As it happened he had forgotten whether this was a geography or a history lesson. The class roared with laughter, and even Miss Harmsworth licked her lips. Edgar looked around half laughing with the rest.

"No Edgar," Miss Harmsworth said, her confidence gradually coming back. "The Black Hole of Calcutta was a prison where the Indians put one hundred and eighty British people, one hundred and thirty two of whom died of suffocation and starvation. This caused the British to fight the Battle of Plassey in 1757 and punish the Indians and set up a good government for the Indians in Calcutta. Is that clear?"

It was so clear that Edgar would never forget it, for at that moment Miss Harmsworth opened her desk to look for a piece of chalk and the class stood to its feet as her latent eyes followed her groping hand.

Miss Harmsworth froze, her April face became dead white, her eyes and mouth opened to their limits. Then she shrieked and dropped the lid of the desk, thus disturbing the frightened lizard which leaped or fell out of the desk at her feet, and then skimmed across the wooden floor. Miss Harmsworth held her hand over her mouth as she sobbed, and almost fainted.

The class shouted and leaped up on the desks, including Edgar himself, caught in the panic. In a moment he came to his senses, he chased the lizard around the desks and captured it by the tail as it came back toward Miss Harmsworth. He swung it around like a club to avoid its snapping jaws, its ferocious spiny neck. He accidentally hit it on a desk and the lizard left his hand and flew across the room. Edgar captured the lizard again near a high window and, with a double-handed throw, he hurled it clean outside.

In an instant he was innocently back at his desk.

At the moment exact Mr. Walker entered the classroom.

All decent acts of life seem to mean some kind of noise and silence is an interruption of them. This silence was a suspension, an echo of all other silences.

"Stand up!" Mr. Walker ordered the class with potent brevity. He ignored Miss Harmsworth, who was only just recovering. "Now! What is that? What's been going on? What was all the shrieking? Well?"

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of the consequences,' angry. What tion.' If no one given six of the

said Mary rl with a large prematurely

[illegible] girl was always terrified of reactions

"A hazed. Who brought it in?"

Silence

"Mary Tuukery," said Mr Walker. "Who brought it in?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Own up, whoever did it, or there'll be no sport this week."

Edgar knew his real position now. The strict rules of the game required that he speak and admit his sin, but there wasn't a hope of him doing so in the face of Mr Walker.

"Speak up, you bush boys. Whush of you brought it in?" Silence. "You Campbell?"

"No, sir," said Scotty, definitely boldly.

Mr Walker pierced them all with his finger and angry question. When he came to Edgar the boy said nothing.

"Ah! You! Come to my office. The rest of you sit down, and let me warn you. Next time I'll strap the lot of you." He said this so grimly that they knew he meant it, and he left them. Edgar in his frightful scabe.

As Edgar's bare feet padded the corridor he could not distinguish the hard contrast of his feet from the thump of his heart in his chest. His hands were shaking as he tried to tuck them into his pockets but such bold bravado failed though he wasn't bitter. any thought that he had done anything wrong had gone. He was completely lost in the injustice of what was about to happen. He was an innocent boy being beaten for nothing. Unfortunately this indignant innocence was no consolation to him now, nor did he enjoy the philosophy that it would soon be over and would not hurt anyway. The thing itself was nothing to the anticipation and his mouth was getting dry and his body tense as he watched the neat creased legs of Mr Walker. Mr Walker was a brute and an unfair man as far as Edgar could see. He could have struck Mr Walker at this moment in sheer self-justification if he had not been so terrified. The trouble was he was too terrified to even think of running away.

He stood at Mr Walker's desk held out his hand unbidden and screwed up his face as the first blow of the thick leather strap came halfway up his arm.

"Again!" said Mr Walker as Edgar dropped his hand.

Mr Walker gave him six on the one hand.

"Now the other one."

Mr Walker held the black strap in his manicured hand and as Edgar put out his left he brought it down from over his shoulder — not vicious but justified, not cruel but right — the stern hard lesson.

Ten was his usual maximum but an instinct for it added another two and he looked down at his boy and saw a few crystal tears on his dirty face. It was the dirt that upset him but he could forgive the dirt at this moment as nothing was said nothing exchanged and Edgar turned his back and walked out. He heard Mr. Walker sigh as he closed the door behind him.

Edgar sniffed and swallowed and spat and he entered the classroom to the awe and silence of the others who had escaped. He stood to be told he might be seated and Miss Harmsworth looked as if she were near to tears herself. However, no boy could detect her moment of concern and Edgar could certainly see nothing in Miss Harmsworth but the cause of all this and for that she was marked for him.

"Sit down, Edgar," she said and swallowed the words as he went to his place. "I —" she began. "I don't like to see boys being strapped."

"It doesn't hurt, Miss," said Scotty Campbell. Scotty was strapped more than any other boy in the school, but it only added to his defiance and taste for it.

"If you all behave there won't be any strapping." Miss Harmsworth said desperately, but it conveyed nothing at her deep dislike for violence — and it sounded even to her own ears like just another repetition of the everlasting school teacher's morality. "Now let us continue."

The lesson went on and though Patchy White opened Edgar's book and whispered "Did it hurt?" and though Edgar shook his head and said "No," he was left alone by total consent for the rest of the lesson, his eyes on his book but his heart unfocused. His his and its loneliness were upon him and though he could not identify the lack and the emptiness of it, he sense how all the unique position which fate had given — a father mocked by the town, a bare house, a lonely river at his door, no plump hand to give him bread and butter when he went home. It was self pity and self revelation, and he was glad when the bell rang and Miss Harmsworth's class was over.

"Yes," she said in another attempt. "I hope this doesn't happen again."

It was lost in the restlessness and the mischief of the young explorers. The wave lapped right up to her feet.


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and she hurried out and closed the door in safety behind her.

EDGAR survived the day and walked boldly through town to challenge the people to mock him again. Most of them ignored him for there was no fun in a small boy walking through the town even though his shirt was out again. For the matter Edgar was disappointed that they ignored him and it only made their laughter of yesterday more terrible and — for some strange reason — his punishment at school today more unjust.

Even so, he forgot it all again when he reached the river and he spent the evening looking for signs of Pat Potter's early raids but Pat was a master poacher and it would take Edgar the whole of spring and summer to find them all. He went home disappointed in this too.

In the darkness when he had eaten his tea and was sitting in the small house listening to the distant town sounds, the weight of that town across the river came back upon him, and he could not bear it. He got up, put on a jumper and rowed himself across the river.

"Is that you, Edgar?" someone called to him.

It was old Bob, the river boat captain who now lived in a boiler on the river bank. Edgar would have liked to talk with old Bob for the company of it. But he could not trust old Bob. He was a temperamental old man who was sometimes violently unfriendly, though at other times he was great-hearted and patient.

"Yes! It's me!" Edgar called, but he ran off swiftly and silently into the darkness.

There was a moment of the other was lost, unable to go [illegible] powered and to face anyone as the Beagle a power day required some g or other and satisfactory end. He busy trying to

As he crossed [illegible], but his crawline the moon is busy going around its pale cold [illegible] a pitch about pockets with [illegible] a dam went out, large bluestone ships from the banks.

He knew now that there was one fitting end to this day and he was gathering ammunition for it, for as soon as he came up to the first house near the railway line he started stoning the roofs.

They were all low galvanized roofs practically designed for stoning.

He started on the roof of Mr. Mee the butcher, and picked the others indiscriminately as he ran. He pelted the church, this being the highest and hollowest roof and ran for his life as the roar went up and lights went on. Down behind the shops the garage, the hotel he pelted them all, setting up a rabbet that stirred and rose the quiet bush town. He dodged and hid behind trees and manda fences, he stopped and hid when doors opened and dogs barked, and then he ran for his life when detection seemed possible. He stopped at nothing and he knew his route among these houses too well to be caught, particularly at night. He went clean through the town until he came to the Post Office. Sometimes he ignored the Post Office but for Mr Poole's mistake yesterday he gave it a rocketing with the others.

He was almost through and he contemplated dropping one or two on the Police Station but that was foolhardiness and he went up the hill and across the cattleyards to the school. There upon the dark and deserted school, he poured out the rest of his stones, sending one after the other over the hills and valleys of iron. One he kept, and as he came by the house of Mr. Walker, the schoolmaster, he let the biggest bluestone chip fly through the moonlight, over a gum tree, over the electric wires up until it hit the high top of the metal roof. The rock made such a clatter that it startled Edgar out of his dull loneliness and sent him hopping down the road behind the showground's fence.

Then he made the longest and hardest run route home and [illegible] somehow brought him out near the green tiled house of Dr. Meadows. He admired the roof in the moonlight and for a moment his admiration was still too strong for his taste in revenge. Yet he could not escape himself now and he fumbled around the road's edge for a stone. He sent it up on the tiles. It crushed and cracked in such a different key to the iron roofs that Edgar was disappointed and he was almost caught as he dawdled off, forgetting that Mrs Doctor Meadows had threatened him so direly that morning.

He rowed back across the river knowing that the day was over.

"Did you have your supper, Edgar?"

It was old Bob shouting across the river.

"Yes, I had it!" Edgar called back and went [illegible].

He undressed and lay down on his own bed in the warm kitchen, looking for some sweetness in the revenge he had taken upon the town. It meant nothing now, for all the pleasure had been in the moment and the moment had gone. In fact he thought most haughty of how he had stoned the dark school. He recalled the sound of the bluestone chips reuketing down the iron roof of that empty and inanimate building, hurting no one, paying nobody back, and yet satisfying him so that he laughed and went to sleep the victor. ★


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Powerhouse

replied "came to get one, we feed."

"Too true" from page 21

were off down ashee
and the rocks, there h of those perform
lheard in pre Pog, but providing power
therny hair and. Sea, the Hydro has

Edgar knew with loads m One of the
these things it was probably the most
enthusiastic and certainly the most
vociferous is Deagle who has been
discovering and developing hydroelectric
power and selling electricity for the
better part of a century.

The first lines from his Whitefish
Falls plant distribute power to eighty
customers in Whitefish Falls, a quarry
of the International Nickel Company,
the homes in the quarry town of
Willisville and a summer home built
by the widow of the American multi-
millionaire John H. Patterson, former
president of the National Cash Register
Company, Limited. The plant stands
on the site of an old lumber skid just
outside the village of Whitefish Falls
at the end of an ancient hair-raising
foot bridge. The river which runs
through a narrow rocky gorge, is held
back by a dam that looks like an
exploded log boom and forms a four-
acre mill pond. Power is generated
by the water flowing with the pressure
of forty-six feet of depth through the
two forty-two-inch pipes (called pen-
stocks) which run plugged with little
pegs where the rust has given through
till parts of them look like a plate of
anchovies. The water is led into the
plant to turn two water turbines which
revolve the shafts in the dynamos and
generate twenty-three hundred volts
each.

Deagle, up to a short time ago did
his own collecting, going from door to
door with a large ledger under his arm
once a month, writing receipts, listen-
ing to complaints and receiving a few
raspberries from his customers and
giving as good in return. His average
revenue from downtown Whitefish Falls
is just under two cents per kilowatt
hour. At mention that the Hydro
provides power at cost, Deagle, without
batting an eyelash, points out that in
effect he does the same thing. He lights
the streets of Whitefish Falls free. He
gives free power to both Catholic and
Anglican churches free power to the
school. "And because it's free, they
waste it." He also has several business
arrangements for domestic activities
around Whitefish Falls. Anyone who
has a baby gets light at half price for
a year. Anyone who has twins gets
it free for a year. For years Deagle
gave power to Indians in the local
Indian reservation at half price. He
provides free lights along with a free
dwelling for a blind Indian woman
known as Blind Lizzy, who lives on
his property. Although there is no way
of estimating how much he is worth
Deagle does say occasionally, "My boy
if you want to be independent own
your own powerhouse!"

Deagle began developing his own
power as a young man when he built
a tiny generator to light a flour mill
he had acquired through his father at
Cotonart on the Credit River forty
five miles northwest of Toronto. The
thing worked so well that he went after
the council of Erin to hamlet five miles
from his plant to buy street lighting
from him. He bought a second hand
generator from Montreal for five hun-
dred dollars, corrected it to the water
wheel used by his flour mill, cut
trimmed hauled and erected his poles
string transmission lines and set up
his own distributing system in Erin.
He rigged up an sixteen candlepower
carbon light in the sample room of the
local hotel, invited the population in,
and sold them on making use of his
line for lighting their homes. He made
three cents the first three days he was
in the power business, five hundred
dollars the first year, then built a line
up to the village of Alton, four miles
from his plant, and doubled his revenue.
When the town council of Orangeville,
nine miles away, asked him to supply
them with street lighting, he began
organizing his plant for more power.

He designed and built the first
revolving-field generator in Canada,
a generator that operated on an entirely
new principle permitting higher voltage
generation. It took him three years
to build. He not only made the seven
thousand parts, but made his own dies,
presses and tools. He made the shaft
from an old railway car axle which he
toiled down on a rickety second-hand
lathe. The generator operated at
Cotonart until 1922, when it burned
itself out, after seventeen years of
service. Using an ordinary forge, he
made bigger pipes to carry water from
his dam to his water wheel, punching,
rolling, riveting the sheets of metal
with the help of one boy and a good
thirty years ahead of modern efficiency
experts timed himself to see how he
was doing.

In Orangeville Deagle found himself
in a wide open power feud that lasted
for eighteen years. The street lighting
which had been handled by a local
steam operated plant, provided little
revenue. The real plum was the
private consumer market which repre-
sented enough business for one com-
pany to operate profitably, but not
enough for two. Deagle formed himself
fighting for the consumer market with
five competitors in a row, the man
who took over the steam plant, the
Dufferin Light and Power Company,
the bond holders who took over when
the latter failed, the Pine River Light
and Power Company, and the Hydro.
Deagle cut prices brought to twenty-
four hour service, and hopped onto an
old continual personal selling cam-
paign among the storekeepers and
home-owners. For eighteen years there
were always two companies competing
for business, and the townspeople
believing that competition was the life
of trade were thoroughly delighted with
the situation. Local people neglected
to pay their electricity bills, jumped
from one company to the other as soon
as they got in arrears. Each time a
house line had to be taken down and
another put up it got so bad that
some home-owners began using dual
switches so they could switch over
from one power company to the other.

Salesmanship was bad, powered and
not too ethical. When Deagle's power
was off from lightning or other acci-
dents, not only was he busy trying to
get his power on again, but his com-
petitor was just as busy going around
giving the residents a pitch about
better service. Deagle's dam went out
and while it was being rebuilt he
shuttled back and forth from Orange-
ville to his plant in an S model two-cyl-
inder Ford which, antedating today's
hot rod drivers by forty years, he
souped up by reboring the cylinders
and putting in oversized pistons.

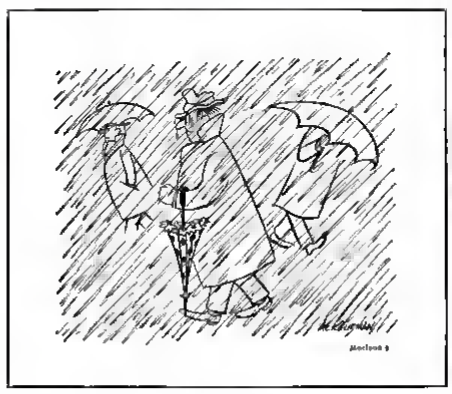
Blown Off his Stool

When salesmanship failed competition
got rougher and tougher. Deagle
had his lights shut out with 22 rifles,
his meters burned out and his wires
cut—usually on a Saturday night when
everyone wanted power. Until he hired
a man to patrol his system. He had
his lines burned out by arcing a
technique consisting of pulling a rein-
forced line up against a competitor's
line so that when the next rain made
a good contact, the insulation burned
off and the weaker line burned through.

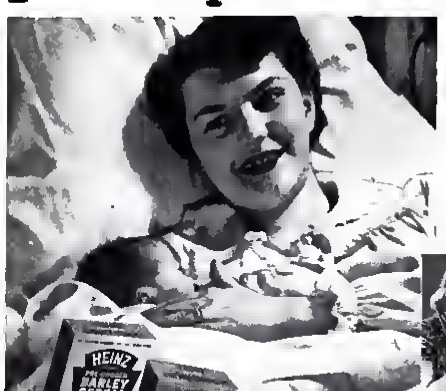
But Deagle was fast on his feet and
the size of his adversary didn't faze
him. He even took on the CPR which
wouldn't give him permission to string
a line over its tracks and put a man
on to see that he didn't try it. Deagle
simply waited till the man went to
lunch and had the linesman by the time
he got back. The watchman worked
for three more days before he noticed
that something new had been added.

Somebody switched the power
through the street lighting system
while Deagle thinking it was off was
working on the poles, and he just
missed being electrocuted. A high-
tension line snapped fell onto a tele-
phone wire some miles outside of
Orangeville, twenty-two thousand volts
ran into Omagaville jumped the five
eighths of an inch to a street lighting
wire and burned out the lighter tele-
phone wire, which fell onto Deagle's
sixty-six hundred volt line with its
charge of twenty-two thousand volts,
blew Deagle off a glass-footed stool in
his plant and killed his chief operator.

Finally, after putting four competi-
tors out of business, Deagle had had
enough. "They burned me out and
nearly killed me," he says. He sold
out to a former Toronto Hydro man
named Lee for a hundred thousand



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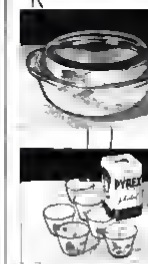
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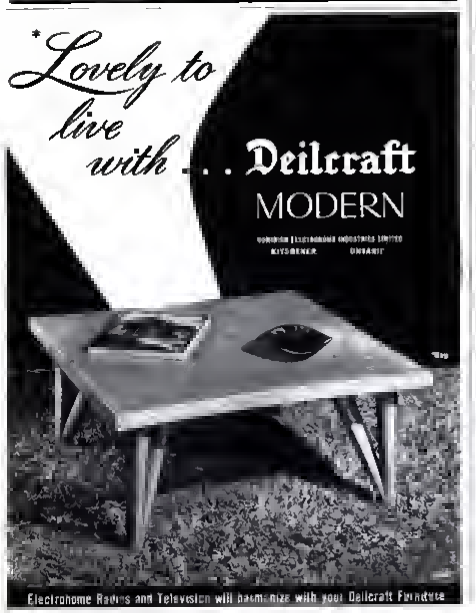
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dollars. His plant, after changing hands several times, ended up with the Hydro.

Deagle headed for Western Ontario and began looking for another site. His method was to set off in an old Dodge and wherever he thought there was a possible power site, like a lake at the head, follow up a river and study it for power possibilities and accessibility to markets. He carried a hundred dollar bill in his pocket, and spread word around that in case he didn't come back in reasonable time the first one to find him got the bill. Nobody ever claimed it. Deagle, who up to a year ago, at eighty-two could still don a pair of climbing spurs and shinny up a thirty-foot pole, was in good shape and had always been a first-rate bushman. He was able to wander off for a day at a time without getting turned around, and without looking at his compass. Once, while staying in a hotel in Schreiber, he became concerned about the long absence of a fellow guest, Fred Brigden, well-known Canadian artist and president of the engraving firm of Brigdens Limited, who had been sketching in the district. Deagle went around trying to round up a search party, but nobody took him very seriously. Finally he decided to use a trick said: "He's a millionaire." Everybody turned out to a man. Deagle found Brigden sitting on a log, and sat down to have a chat with him before leading him out. "I said you were a millionaire," he told Brigden chuckling. Brigden remained mentally and said: "That's about right."

Never Fussy About Rules

Deagle sounded the bottom of rivers, worked out cross-sectional areas, then by dropping chips and corked bottles into the water timed the speed of the water and worked out the flow and horsepower. Although he had never studied algebra, he was naturally gifted for mathematics and could work out algebraic problems by his own system of notation. He reached a point of signing contracts with Sioux Falls and Schreiber. But both towns, feeling that they could get the Hydro to come in cheaper, turned him down at the last minute, making him blow a few per annum fuses.

He began building at Whitefish Falls in 1930, partly because he had come to an agreement with Little Current, a town about thirty miles away, on the north shore of Manitoulin Island, to provide their power wholesale. He obtained a franchise for two years with the town's option of renewal for another ten.

Deagle bought second-hand transmission lines and insulators from a company in Cobourg, and did all the jobs that in a large corporation would have been handled by a dozen departments. Using chiefly Indian help, he built his own dam, his own power house, did his own hydraulic, civil, mechanical and electrical engineering, surveyed his line, cut and erected poles, strung transmission lines, engineered his submarine cable to Manitoulin Island, and acted as his own legal department.

Deagle's legal and executive duties were probably his weakest points. He was never a man to fuss too much about rules and regulations. He was continually in and out of court for stringing wires over railway property. He still tells of one time he breezed past a CPR regulation that said no line of more than one hundred and ten volts could cross the railway's right-of-way: he set up two transformers on either side of the track, one to step his current down to the required hundred and ten volts, the other to step it up again once it was safely across the tracks. The joke was that he never did connect up the transformers.

Little Current had been getting dusk-to-dawn service from its own steam power plant, the average retail rate had been twenty cents per kilowatt hour. Deagle gave twenty four-hour service and cut the average retail rate to less than half. In spite of this happy outcome he was soon involved in verbal fireworks with the town of Little Current. The town Deagle says, had agreed to meter at its own expense the power it used, but it didn't. Deagle had to put in his own meter. Little Current raised a continual row with him about constant power shut-offs and low voltage. Deagle insisted that the town's antiquated distributing system was the cause of it. Hardly a week went past that he and the mayor or some member of the town council weren't going at it hammer and tongs. Deagle was notoriously violent tempered and his idea of straightening out differences of viewpoint was to stamp into town and start waving his arms, getting red in the face and shouting advice. At the expiration of the franchise Little Current applied for Hydro power. In 1940 the Hydro moved in with its own generating plants, paying the town one dollar for its distributing system and vindicating Deagle in his argument about its condition. In 1945 the Hydro took over Deagle's transmission lines to get his right of way, for eight thousand five hundred dollars, and then scrapped the lot.

Whitefish Falls and Cataract aren't the only power plants Deagle has set up. He has either built himself or helped engineer five power plants in Ontario. Some of these are now owned and operated by other members of his family. But Deagle has pretty well settled down to sitting in his tar-papered shack, listening to the hum of his dynamos and taking visitors, many of them American tourists, around on personal tours. First he takes them to see his dog, a nightmarish cross between a wire-haired terrier and a bulldog with a monkey's gentle disposition, then through his plant, giving his guests warning not to touch anything. This is usually unnecessary for wires, switches and fuses clutter the place and tend to make people huddle together in the middle of the room and look longingly toward the outdoors.

Every now and then he gets in a row about a government dam that stands on his property. The dam was built when he refused to replace one of his own after it had washed out and left several tourist resorts high and dry. Now the government dam controls the water over Deagle's lower dam so Deagle rumbly hikes up through the bush, hops up on the dam, and, raising his high pitched voice, takes out water stop logs until the flow is adjusted to suit himself. There is considerable shouting and arm waving and Deagle is ordered off.

He doesn't care particularly. Government dam or no government dam, he has enough money and what he has he intends to leave to underprivileged children before he dies anyway. But the dam is operated by an institution of a size that he's always considered a good match—the Department of Lands and Forests—and Deagle likes to keep in trim. ★

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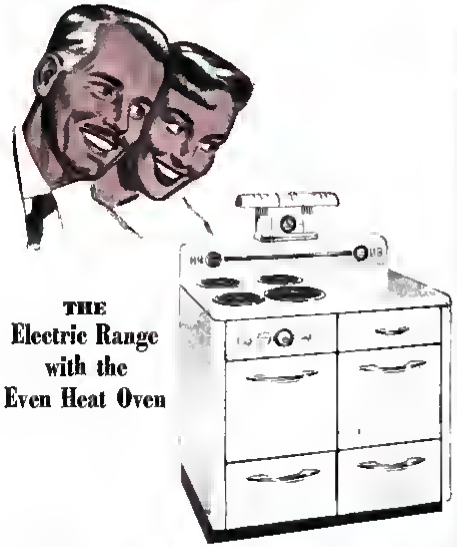


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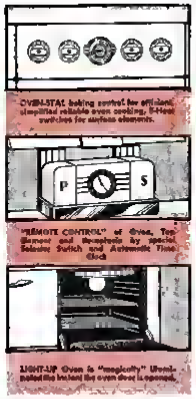


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Northern Electric
THE HOME TO REMEMBER FOR ALL HOME APPLIANCES LARGE & SMALL
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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

Those two measures alone ought to shorten the regular 1952 session by several weeks. In addition, the Government has some other jobs on the autumn list which may shorten not only the 1952 but all future sessions. They're planning a real effort to streamline the cumbersome procedural machinery of government itself.

Not long ago a letter reached here addressed to The Red Tape Department, Ottawa. Some wag in the Post Office sent it over without comment to the Department of Finance.

Dr. Clifford Clark, Deputy Minister of Finance, was indignant. He wrote a stiff note to Walter Turnbull, Deputy Postmaster General, protesting against the delivery of a letter so addressed. But it turned out the Post Office jokesmith was right: the letter really did concern a Finance Department matter.

There's a certain symbolic justice in this. Over the years the federal accounting system has developed into a weird and wonderful mess. Only an accountant can understand the details of it, but any accountant in government service will tell you it's crazy. Many of the normal practices of modern business are not applied in government because at present they're illegal. And any departure from the methods laid down in the Consolidated Revenue and Audit Act brings a sharp and embarrassing reproof from the Auditor General.

Here's a single small example of what happens when ordinary business procedure is replaced by bureaucratic regulation.

Year before last, when it was still fashionable to keep down the costs of government even in National Defense, the cost of building houses for the armed services was treated as an investment item. That meant it didn't appear in National Defense estimates. Since Korea it's been the mode to make defense expenditure look as large as possible, so now the housing item is included. There was nothing improper in either course; it was just a matter of bookkeeping. But the effect has been peculiar.

When defense housing was an investment item the small efficient nucleus staff of Central Mortgage and Housing handled all the accounts. They were very proud of their speed: an more than eight days elapsed between approval of a contractor's bill and the issuance of his cheque.

But now that housing is in the Defense estimates it comes under the Treasury Office. A Treasury staff of eighteen has moved into the over-crowded offices of Central Mortgage, their salaries total about $60,000 a year. Add fifty percent for office overhead and you get $90,000 as the cost of the Treasury operation. And what do the taxpayers get for this $90,000 outlay? A job that used to take a week now takes a month.

This is no individual's fault. It's the law.

For years now the Government has been planning a major overhaul of the Consolidated Revenue and Audit Act to iron out some of these wrinkles. Year after year it's been shelved until next session — there's always been something to crowd it out of an overloaded program. This fall, the job will be done.

* * *

Making the estimates easier to handle will enable future parliaments to get through faster. But a more important attack on this particular problem will be made by the committee on rules and procedure.

One of the first acts of the fall session will be to set this committee up again with orders to produce a real report. Prime Minister Mackenzie King used to pay lip service to reform in parliamentary procedure, but he really liked the rules the way they were. He knew them backwards, hardly anybody else did, and he could use their intricacies to his own advantage.

Prime Minister St. Laurent is different. He's no more expert in the present rules and forms than the average MP for one thing. For another, he has a tidy mind. He hates waste motion. Ever since he became Prime Minister he has taken no intense interest in the machinery of government and he has a real desire to clean it up.

As any onlooker can see almost any day, Parliament could get through its work in half the time without losing anything of real value. Right at the start you have the Address in Reply to the Speech from the Throne, a formal (and formless) debate which the British House normally gets through in three to five days. In Ottawa it usually takes three weeks.

Around Easter time there's another similar free-for-all: the budget debate. In each of these a speaker may talk about anything he likes; he doesn't have to stay on the point, as he is supposed to do in discussing other legislation. It's not uncommon for these two debates alone to inspire two hundred speeches. The speeches run forty minutes each. No law (except perhaps some obscure law of nature) compels an MP to fill up his entire forty minutes every time, but most of them do. With a few honorable exceptions, members could say in twenty minutes everything of interest and value which they now spread over forty.

Cutting out this verbiage sounds easy, but it is not. It's much harder to prepare a twenty minute then a forty minute speech, assuming that the same number of important points are to be contained in both speeches—only a well prepared man can boil his stuff down. As for limiting the periods allowed for each debate, that calls for a kind of party discipline which an

A POET PERPLEXED



IN A CLOSET MAYBE

Samathing I would like to know,
Is where the used up rainbows ga?
When we have saes them far awhila
Are they put on some old rainbow pile,
Or are they saved and put away
For yat another rainy day?

—L. G. MENDELSHAUSEN JR.

Canadian party now exercises. It means the whips would have to study the week's program very carefully, then with equal care pick their speaking teams for each topic and bluntly tell the rest of their backbenchers to sit down and keep quiet. Members are not accustomed to this treatment.

Another difficulty, much more pub licized is that the Cabinet and the bureaucrats would have to move a lot faster. If the Speech from the Throne took only one week instead of three a batch of bills would have to be ready for the second week of any session. The budget would come down in March instead of April or May. Most ordinary raising of all, the departmental estimates would have to be in early.

Old hands in Cabinet know that the smart thing to do is hold your estimates until as late in the session as possible. When everybody's bored and anxious to get home out of the heat, when the seasonal indemnity has run out and the boys are all broke, then anybody who insists on making long speeches or asking embarrassing questions is a nasty spoilsport. Opposition MPs feel this almost as strongly as Government MPs. It takes a lot of moral courage to ask for a lot of information in the last week of the session.

If Parliament had a first-rate committee on estimates ready to start work by Easter at the latest, a great deal of useful information could be got on the record without taking up the time of House sittings at all. And the annual rush at the end to authorize dollars a minute going through an exhausted House—would no longer be necessary.

It's probably just a pipe dream that all these reforms could be attained at once but any one of them would make a big difference. The Government seriously intends to get some of them. Otherwise it's all too likely that the 1951 two-session system *will* become a pattern, and politics in Canada will be a full-time job. ★



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NAUSEA due to travel motion, RELIEVED with the aid of MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

aids in quieting the nervous system

THE WORLD OVER

There'll Always Be A Massey

Continued from page 9

It was beyond the pale. Hart Massey, Vincent's grandfather, was never to enter a theatre, even "to see Shakespeare." Vincent himself didn't see a stage performance until he was sixteen. Yet this very Puritanism nourished theatrical taproots among the Massey offspring. Part of it was a psychological reaction, an "eruption," as one of them puts it, against the discipline of the creed. Part of it was sheer inventiveness on the part of bored youngsters who had to be in early to be self-made in the form of charades, mimes and tableaux vivants which were the Methodist amusements of the time.

In many of the Massey homes still spotted about Toronto like ugsome dowagers there was a room with a stage. It was called a gallery, never a theatre, and here the younger fry disported themselves in genteel fashion in homemade costumes. Chester was a skilled mimic and his son Raymond is still remembered as a thin rather sickly youth taking comedy parts along with cousin Denton in playlets written by cousin Madeleine and produced by cousin Dorothy in the big house at Dentonia Park, a Massey estate on the eastern outskirts of Toronto.

On the terrible day when Raymond, who couldn't stand working at Massey Harris, decided to make the stage his career, his father Chester prayed silently with closed eyes. Chester finally said, not without a struggle, that he thought Raymond could serve his God on the stage as well as off so long as he didn't practice on the Sabbath. Raymond promised and set off for London and some meagre years haunting the wings. Finally one day when he had a part in Shaw's Saint Joan, Chester arrived to see his son act. The old man was so dazzled as a child by the footlights and greasepaint and came backstage afterward to see his son who hastily persuaded his dressing room companions to forget their nightly high balls. Then and there Chester released the future Abe Lincoln from his pledge not to rehearse on the Sabbath. Raymond actually ruptured his Puritan background is now complete. He has been twice divorced and three married.

The twin themes of showmanship and sanctity were blended into a masterly counterpoint by Denton Massey. Raymond's cousin, who applied theatrical rules of thumb to Bible class teaching with spectacular results. In seven years the attendance at his York Bible Class rose from eighteen to seventeen thousand. Denton comes by both qualities honestly. His father Walter, who taught Bible class before him was also a showman responsible for the flamboyant Massey advertising of the Eighties. He scrapped woodcuts for four color illustrations, changed the name of the Toronto Light Under to Mighty Monarch of the Harvest Field, published a series of autumnal magazines to bring the Massey name and seed gold plated implements to international expositions. He sponsored hundreds of gain demonstrations in town and hamlet to mark the delivery of Massey machinery.

But his son went him one better. Denton's charm, his executive ability and his attention to detail all Massey traits were funneled into the single purpose of building the largest Bible class in the world. He started out with the world's first Bible class broadcast and by 1931 was able to jam Maple Leaf Gardens with seventeen thousand devotees. Another twenty thousand

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- AN EXCLUSIVE FEATURE OF THE WILLARD SUPER MASTER!
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OVERCHARGING is the No. 1 battery killer. Overcharging strikes directly at the grids—the lead-alloy framework which holds in place the current producing active material. Overcharging *corrodes* the grids—*fractures* them—*destroys* their ability to retain active material—*destroys* their utility as current conductors.

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or so milled around outside stopping streetcars and causing the worst traffic jam in Toronto's history.

The ruse was as highly organized as the Third International. It had a president, board of directors, executive committee, paid office staff, a two-hundred-man brains trust called Sages, and a block system of district offices, majors and captains to keep the faithful in line.

The service itself was streamlined on theatrical lines to provide the maximum effect of variety and contrast. Denton, known to his followers as The Big Fellow, peppered his sermons with jokes, news items and classical quotations, and gave them catchy provocative titles such as The Knight Whose Armor Didn't Squeak. He dictated them over and over again into dictaphones playing them high to get the timing right. His rich Rotarian tones, pouring from the hundred and fifty thousand radio loudspeakers of a Sunday, sent a thrill up the spine and a chill up the shoulder vertebrae of some of his more immediate relatives who went fur in simpler religion and winced a little when he referred to his wife as My Lady and his children as Exhibit A, B and C. Denton, who went into politics (P. C., Greenwood), dropped the class when he joined the RCAF in 1939. He rose to group captain and before it was over had taken seventy thousand hands.

In politics Denton was a Bennett Tory. He is the only dissenter on a family which has been Liberal and reformist ever since the days of Daniel, who was a William Lyon Mackenzie man. Hart was no agrarian reformist and Denton's father, Walter, a Laurier man. The Masseys all supported free trade although a protective tariff policy would have favored their company.

The company was founded by Daniel, who was the first of the Canadian Masseys, and like the line he founded as Canadian as corple syrup. His forebears were Puritans from Salem who had left England in the seventeenth century because of their dissenting religious views. But shortly after establishing his homestead at Newcastle, Upper Canada, Daniel was fighting his former countrymen in the War of 1812.

His son Hart was born in a log cabin in a forest clearing and true to the days traditions died in the richest house in Toronto. At seven young Hart was hewing water. At twelve he was marketing cream. At sixteen he was foreman of a lumber gang. At twenty one he had taken over his father's fledgling scythe and cradle business and before he was through had fashioned it into an international industrial empire.

Here the roots of Massey nationalism seeded by Daniel, found fertile loam. Hart Massey's Canadianism was largely economic but it was strident. He was the first company to stamp the slogan Made In Canada on its machinery. At world fairs in Britain and the U. S. the Masseys were snubbed as obviously at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago that it became a parliamentary *cause célèbre*. But the world was soon forced to recognize the Canadians. Emperor Napoleon III used Massey machinery exclusively on his farm. So did Queen Victoria. When the Little Monarch of the Harvest Field won the spectacular agricultural trials in Paris in 1884, Massey's Illustrated shouted "Hurrah for Canada!" in bold letters.

The Massey publications sparked by Hart's son Walter, all voiced a fierce right nationalism. The policy of Massey's Magazine, which foreshadowed the Massey Report by more than half a century, was to retain for Canada the best work of her best writers, to create a demand for Canadian literature first hand, and to foster the growth of Canadian literature. It published the works of Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Bliss Carman and W. H. Drummond, and the illustrations of C. W. Jeffreys, J. W. Bengough and Fred Brigden. Another Massey magazine, Trip Hammer, sent a war correspondent to cover the Riel Rebellion of 1885. And meanwhile Hart Massey, who eschewed the theatre but liked the sound of a church organ, was erecting Massey Music Hall. Culture was creeping up on the Masseys, late of Newcastle, now of Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Hart Alanerin Massey was a gaunt towering figure in silk hat and frock coat who made punctuality a fetish and philanthropy a duty. Promptly at 8 a.m. came sleet, rain or storm he flung wide the door of his home and plunged the morning Globe from the mat. Once when a newsboy was late he stood out in the elements for twenty minutes in gown and slippers to reprimand him, then sent his coachman over with a new winter outfit for the ragged lad. Promptly at 9:15 his carriage deposited him at the sprawling Massey works on King Street. Leaving out of the gloom of a winter morning he so startled one workman that the man tumbled into a vat of red implement paint.

He lived in a high Victorian mansion bristling with peaks and turrets and cupolas which was the epitome of the Gilded Age. It had twenty-seven rooms, eight bathrooms, eighteen mantelpieces and a pantry as large that it later rented out as a three-room apartment. The windows were leaded and stained, the walls silk-screened, the ceilings gilded, the floors inlaid, the tile mosaicked.

Victoriana, which still hangs faintly over the Masseys like the scent of old violets, was in full flower. Even the family tragedies have been Victorian.

One Massey shot on his front steps by a housemaid another plunging to his death from a viaduct. The most touching of all had the smash of Wimpole Street's Edward Barrett to it, for it concerns Lillian Massey, Hart's only daughter, a comely but lonely girl who was allowed no suitors. The story goes that when Lillian waved at a boy from an upstairs gable her father put her on bread and water. Certainly on those occasions when a young man called Hart Massey wrote black wrath and tore pieces off the rubber plant.

In the fall of 1895 Hart suffered a stroke. His doctor, after some prompting by the old man told him he had ten days to live. "Ridiculous!" cried Hart. The annual meeting isn't until February." He lived through the meeting, putting important business first, he once he should succumb during proceedings and died soon afterward.

A decade later at fifty, her beauty a wreckage, Lillian Massey married. The groom, John Treble, was an old man with grown children but she had a young girl's wish wedding. He gave her a Bible as a wedding present.

She inherited his father's mansion and added to its splendor. Moors came from Spain to garland the walls of one sitting room with arabesques. Craftsmen from Scotland fashioned the scrolled mahogany cabinets. A conservatory, big as a night club and hot with orchids, sprouted on the south wing. An organ, a fish pond, a fountain and an Otto Fenson elevator took their places with new-fangled relief on the walls, the molds of which were instantly destroyed.

Lillian endowed the Lillian Massey School of Household Science, now part of the University of Toronto. She sketched the plans herself from a sickbed, personally choosing every stitch of furniture, item of hardware and shade of paint, just as a generation later her nephew Vincent was to pore through twenty varieties of type face when selecting the dress for his Report.

Hart Massey had four sons besides daughter Lillian. The eldest was Charles, who was a businessman and music lover. He founded the Massey Silver Cornet Band, the Massey String Orchestra and the Massey Glee Club. He died young of overwork. His line comes down to the present Charles, his grandson, who is now president of Canadian Lever Brothers.

The second son was Chester, a pious man who once gave a youth a job because he found him reading the Bible. The boy's name was Thomas Findley and he rose to be president of Massey Harris. Chester was a chronic invalid who equipped himself with an inordinate number of overcoats. "He's so afraid of catching cold he even nurses out his pocket handkerchiefs," his sister-in-law Susan used to say. Chester, a wit, a comic and practical joker, cheerfully admitted it. "I enjoy poor health," he'd say. He outlived them all, dying at seventy-five in 1926. Vincent and Raymond were his sons.

Hart's third son was Walter, the most advanced Massey of his generation. He became president of Massey Harris after his father's death. He was the first man to introduce pasteurized milk into Canada, the first man to take moving pictures, the first to run an electric toy train. He scrapped his carriage for an electric runabout and raised Jerseys on a model farm at Dentonia Park where he founded the Toronto City Dairy. He was working on wrapped bread when he died.

Walter was also an ardent fisherman. He bought and retired like once because he spotted a tremendous mushrilunge hovering beneath the surface. It took him three years to catch it. At one point brother Chester maddened him by shipping in a dead and gutted thirty-six pound salmon. The muskie, stuffed and mounted now hangs in the home of Walter's son, Denton.

Walter died of typhoid at thirty-six. Ironically the germ that killed him came to him in water, the strongest beverage his Methodist soul would countenance. His elder brother Chester became president of the family firm.

Harris's fourth son, Fred Victor, died of consumption at twenty-two. Of all the Masseys he was perhaps strongest in the faith of his fathers. He and Walter took a trip around the world in 1887, bringing back ostrich eggs, monkeys, assegais and even a live dingoman who became part of the domestic staff. But Fred was shocked by the smoking card playing and story-telling that went on in the ship's lounge and in the windows were leaded and stained the walls silk-screened, the ceilings gilded, the floors inlaid, the tile mosaicked. He left the table and retired to his stateroom, his face aglow with righteous indignation (and) proceeded to rail forth a volley of anathemas upon men, who, professing to be decent, had bearing the outward appearance of gentlemen could indulge in such senseless and impure conversation for amusement.

As Fred's life ebbed he sent a note to a friend whose wife had died, asking if he could take a message to her in heaven with him. It was fitting that

Continued on page 73

More than a Story of Steel and Stone



The 91st office of the new Bank of Nova Scotia Building in Toronto is *more than a story of steel and stone.*

It is rather chapter in the story of a growing nation. In 1832 when The Bank of Nova Scotia was founded, there was no "Canada" as we know it today. Canada was a sparsely settled vastness of relatively untouched resources.

But through the eventful years that followed—with Confederation, the building of trans-continental railways and the rapid developments of two wars—Canada has expanded into a great nation whose products and raw materials are important factors in markets all over the world.

Since its founding 119 years ago, The Bank of Nova Scotia has reflected this growth in expanding banking operations. Today B.N.S. is the sign of good fellowship in banking through more than 380 branches in Canada and abroad. And the heart of this business is the new Bank of Nova Scotia Building.

This building represents more than a story of steel and stone. It is a magnificient symbol of Canada's progress.

MAIN BANKING ROOM—functional lighting and architectural excellence combine to provide swift and efficient banking service.

VAULTS—55 feet underground, the vaults in this one section of the country's bank are the safest in Canada's millions.

MAIN BANKING ROOM DEPARTMENT—Here are recall manuscript, duplicating machines and equipment to help speed the Bank's many activities.

The new Bank of Nova Scotia Building at Yonge & Front Streets, Toronto, which opened for business July 2nd, 1951.

The Bank of
NOVA SCOTIA

YOUR BNS MANAGER IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW.

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3750 tons of slag are dumped each day to form new ground for dock and storage facilities at Stelco's Hamilton Works.

Facts about
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Every new house requires about 4 tons of steel

To produce one ton of pig iron requires a total of 4 tons of iron ore, coke and limestone.

Steelmaking never stops...the job must be carried on 24 hours a day, every day of the year.

If you have ever visited Hamilton, Ontario, you will remember "The Mountain", which rises picturesquely behind the city. Today, there is another man made "mountain" rising up from the Hamilton waterfront. It is a mountain that grows larger every day as an army of dump trucks plant load upon load of slag from Stelco's blast furnaces.

The curious thing about this mountain is that while it now towers high in the air, it is designed to settle gradually to form a firm foundation for new Stelco dock and ore storage facilities. 35 acres of new "land" will thus be created for greatly expanded steelmaking operations.

Utilizing this once-discarded slag to build new docks and storage yards is just one step in Stelco's giant 1951-52 expansion program... a more than $50 000,000 program which will produce more *steel* to make Canada *strong.*

THE Steel Company of Canada, LIMITED

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No wonder Plymouth *serves you better...*



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STEP-UP LONGER WHEELBASE	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
9" WINDSTREAMER OR OVER	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
6.7 TO 1 COMPRESSION RATIO OR GREATER	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
OIL FILTER	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
POSITIVE PRESSURE LUBRICATION	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
CHAIN CAMSHAFT DRIVE	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
OIL-BATH AIR CLEANER	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
FLOATING OIL INTAKE	Yes	No	No	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
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BY-PASS WATER CIRCULATION	Yes	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes
PRECISION CONNECTING ROD BEARINGS	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
FLOATING PISTON PINS	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
ROLLER BEARING UNIVERSAL JOINTS	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
LENGTHY STEERING (Equal Length Tie Rods)	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
TAPERED ROLLER DIFFERENTIAL BEARINGS	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
FULL HYDRAULIC DRIVE	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
SPLASH PROOF IGNITION SHIELDING	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
SEALED BEAM KNOCK ABSORBERS	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
60 AMP. GENERATOR OR GREATER	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
AUTOMATIC CHOKE	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
TOTAL QUALITY SCORE	19	11	5	20	17	18	19

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No Wonder Plymouth serves You Better!

• PLYMOUTH LIKES TO BE COMPARED WITH HIGH-PRICED CARS FOR QUALITY!

Continued from page 73

a mansion house complete with a drunk's room" for the wayward should be endowed and named for him.

With Walter's death his widow Susan Denton Massey emerged as the strong figure in the family. She influenced them all. She sat on the board of Massey Harris and she ran house hold and company with firmness and dispatch. She too was a Puritan born into the New England Methodist family of the Dentons. Her father used to spank all his daughters regularly on Saturday night on the premise that they'd be wicked sometime during the following week.

Duty and responsibility were her code. The great house on Jarvis Street with its Gothic gables, and later her huge mansion at Dentonia Park which she labelled Susan's Folly, had as many as fourteen manservants. But she made her four children rise at seven and make their own beds. Gongs signalled prayers and meal hours and it was a sin to be an instant late. Only two people ever got around her. One was Pengelly, the aged gardener. She used to silence him by pointing her black walking stick at him and saying in a firm voice: "Pengelly!" The other was Denton, her only son. He singer rose late and was rarely at meals. Later as an MP, he hung up a record for absentee membership in the House.

At Dentonia Park Susan reigned in almost feudal splendor. Her brother-in-law Chester moved his home there from Jarvis Street (bringing Vincent and Raymond) and when her three daughters married they built homes there too. It was as if the family had walled itself from the world on the big estate. Her own children were taught Sunday School at home for fear they might catch something. The next generation became known to neighborhood toddlers as The Family Behind the High Boned Fence.

Today the leading scion of the House of Massey is Vincent in whose person the old wine of the Massey generations has been distilled to a fine liqueur. The theatrical streak has given to Vincent an unequaled sense of timing and pageantry. His first name is Charles but he dropped it long ago. Charlie he deemed undignified. His roots are Methodist but he became a high Anglican while still an undergraduate. He preferred the drama of the liturgy. In seven years of amateur acting his favorite role was that of a Pope.

The Puritan is in him yet. Although he became the first man to smoke a cigarette in the common room at Methodist Victoria College he still found it necessary, a few years later, to interrupt his early political campaign here in Toronto and rewrite the more suggestive passages of a parish version of Samson and Delilah in which he was playing at Hart House.

Approaching him one writer once said is like entering a Gothic cathedral. Certainly in his public appearances, in diplomatic knee breeches or in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Toronto he has the air of high places about him. "Vincent loves a lord," a colleague from his days in London once remarked. Vincent himself was once quoted as saying after being named Minister to Washington that "they think I'm a prince but I'm not." A more telling pleasantry is attributed to Lord Cranborne, an English aristocrat whose lineage as a Cecil goes back to the time of royalty. Vince chap Vincent," Cranborne said, "but he does make one feel like a bit of a savage."

Years of diplomatic training an Oxford background and a strong sense of his position have caused Vincent Massey to move as carefully as if he were treading on eggshells. He is one of the surest-footed [illegible] achievement[illegible] an acquaintance said of him ye[illegible]ge. He is modest to the point of [illegible]mbarrassment and proud of it. He has a poker face which he maintained throughout the Royal Commission hearings. Colleagues maintain he winced only once, and then unperceptibly when Jack Kent Cooke president of Toronto's raucous CKEY suggested bleakly that Canada join up as quickly as possible with the U.S.A.

Canadianism has been his creed and he has been its apostle since his youth. He has been more polite than Massey's Illustrated which said in 1891 that "the U.S. is becoming to the world commercially what Turkey is politically a nuisance," but some of this feeling is inherent in what he says. His early speeches and his book On Being Canadian (which two reviewers were enkind enough to retitle On Being Vincent Massey) read like outlines for the Report which he has fathered. In the same measure he has always been a patron of the arts a backer of the Hart House String Quartet, a president of the Chamber Music Society, a committee member of the National Gallery, London and a collector of the Group of Seven. His hobby is architecture and his son Hart Jr. recently won the Pilkington Scholarship in this art. Vincent was decrying the lack of a national library and proper art gallery and was praising the CBC well before the Royal Commission on the Arts was a gleam in Louis St. Laurent's eye.

He has written that "we are the more Canadian for being British" and his own life is a imagining to that. He has spent close to twenty years in Britain as scholar and diplomat and he lives today like an English squire at his four-hundred-acre country seat of Batterwood, not far from the original clearing where his great-grandfather built his log cabin. Batterwood with its paneled study lined with morocco-bound books, its neatly curved cedar hedges, its quarried flagstone terraces, its formal gardens and its carefully maintained arborvitae might have been plucked from the Surrey countryside.

Massey's voice has an English inflection and his carefully chosen words an English flavor. A favorite adjective is rather a favorite noun is chap. Raymond on the other hand, has a flat Upper Canada accent which was labeled atrocious by the Oxford Undergraduate Dramatic Society which barred him. Raymond who does not walk an eggshells later denounced Oxford speech as the most affected and least intelligible in the world.

For a man who has never needed to lift a finger in common toil Vincent Massey's career has been both varied and strenuous. He has been successively history professor, dean, industrialist, cabinet minister, politician, diplomat and royal commissioner. He is both a Right Honorable and a Companion of Honor, an order that is limited to sixty-five members.

His mother died when he was sixteen. Psychoanalysts might make something of the fact that Raymond whose career has been markedly different, was a toddler at the time and never knew her. She was a Vincent and her brother a Methodist Bishop founded the Chautauqua religious and educational movement in New England.

At the University of Toronto Vincent, who lived in a big house, observed that set-of-town students had no home to go to. The result was Hart House, a centre for male students built by the Hart Massey estate. Later the Massey Foundation, of which Vincent was an executor.

He went to Balliol College, Oxford, returned to teach history at Toronto

Continued on page 77

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'James F Johnston, 43 lives at 2142 Queen St Regina Sask He is superintendent of Paler Dairies Limited where he started to work as an ice-cream maker in 1938 A native of Regina he worked on a farm before going into the dairy business He was married in 1930 to Gladys Evenson of Earl Grey Sask., and is the father of two children Harvey aged 13 and Valerie 9 He is a member of the Independent Order of Oddfellows of which he is a Past Noble Grand He is a great baseball fan and is in demand as an umpire for city games One of his hobbies is fishing A sister Mrs E Rawlings lives in Ottawa and two brothers are employed by Consolidated Mining and Smelting at Trail BC Mr Johnston is one of more than a million Canadians who save regularly with Canada Savings Bonds.

*MR. JAMES FLETCHER JOHNSTON . . .

How do you feel about the question of saving, Mr. Johnston?

I think it's of extreme importance to save With rising costs and the general uncertainty, it's a great thing to have some money set aside to fall back on when you want it

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Continued from page 75

and was Dean of Burwash Hall a Massey gift He was a lieut.-colonel in Ottawa during the first war where he managed to make a detailed chart of army red tape He married Alice Parkin daughter of a confirmed moralist and principal of Upper Canada College She had an air of regality and charm about her and it is she who is credited with giving him much of his drive She took a personal interest in his work.

When the Prince of Wales planned to visit Hart House for a squash game in 1922 Alice personally took charge of cleaning it up, reprimanding one young man for dripping water from the showers about the halls. But you see ma am the young man finally said drawing the towel tighter around his waist, "I'm the Prince of Wales"

When Alice Massey died suddenly a year ago it was a staggering shock to the lonely man in Batterwood House

As president of the family company after the first war Vincent was called a Lorenzo the Magnificent plus Henry Ford With his one-tear theatricals his taste in art and music and his genteel air he did not look like a captain of industry In 1925 estate old Mackenzie King severely criticized by Canadian manufacturers and the Tory party for easing protective tariffs on such things as farm machinery made Vincent a member of his cabinet Laurier had once tried the same thing with Walter with no success) Vincent quickly found his position in Massey Harris untenable He resigned and sold out his holdings and that of the estate for eight million dollars The family company passed into other hands to the chagrin and exasperation of Aunt Susan the indomitable old lady in Dentonia Park

Vincent contested the next election on his home ground and spent sixteen thousand of his own money campaign ing but was soundly beaten He was never very close to the people of Port Hope the nearest town and there was a damaging rumor that the Masseys referred to it as the village

That was Vincent's only brush with politics Soon afterward he became first Canadian Minister to Washington a post for which he got twelve thousand dollars a year and spent fifty thousand. In 1935 he became High Commissioner to London; a position he held until after World War II The Masseys gave stature and dignity to the expanding Canadian mission He could always produce a cabinet minister or two for visiting firemen and important people from the artistic and political world graced his dinner table almost nightly Latterly he found himself at odds with Mackenzie King who tended to bypass diplomats Once Vincent wrote King as an urgent matter requesting a quick reply It didn't come and he was exasperated that week to meet a woman who had just had a fourteen page handwritten epistle from the Prime Minister discussing trivialities

During the war the Masseys moved into a suite in the Dorchester Hotel Vincent's two sons, Lionel with the army Hart with the air force, were both wounded in action The Massey Foundation built a million-dollar convalescent house in Herefordshire which ministered to twenty seven hundred Canadian officers. Both Alice and Vincent Massey took a personal interest in it in addition to the two other clubs they founded- The Beaver Club for enlisted ranks, and the Canadian Officers Club

But in spite of his years of diplomatic service Vincent Massey considers the bright little volume labeled Report his greatest achievement He flung his heart and soul into it, attending every one of the one hundred and fourteen public sessions, reading each of the four hundred and sixty two briefs poring over the thousands of words of verbatim testimony He handled it all with superb stagecraft His manner was informal without being familiar and he appeared genuinely interested in everything that was said At the same time he kept things moving with clockwork speed. His long sensitive hands pulling the glasses down low over his aquiline nose became a familiar spectacle to the hundreds who appeared before him He speaks with those hands says his colleague, Father Lévesque

The writing of the report was a group effort. Each commissioner wrote a section then they rewrote each other's. Some chapters were revised ten times There was one four week period when the entire group went over every word and comma changing adding paring Nonetheless it is the Massey personality that pervades the result.

Massey was determined that as many Canadians as possible read his findings He engaged Toronto artist Eric Aldwinckle to design the cover and he insisted that the style be popular and the treatment lively The result was a unique state document which has been reviewed as a book in Boston Manchester and New Delhi and has sold more than three thousand copies at $3 50 each The foreign reviews have all commented on one thing the so-called anti Americanism. Canadian reviewers have united to harp more on Dr. Arthur Surveyer's dissenting remarks about the CBC and Film Board.

Nonetheless he feels that the Report and the discussion it has stirred up may have in the end a monumental effect on the country Already it has added new stature to the name of Massey At the very least he is slated to be president of the arts council which the Report recommends and which will probably come into being in the near future At most he may become Canada's first Canadian Governor General Curiously- for a man with a Methodist Upper Canada background he is French Canada's No 1 choice for the post. He is considered the most popular English speaking Canadian among Quebecers, partly because he insisted on conducting commission hearings there totally in French without translation The no-dissimulate Le Devoir has come out flat-footed for him as Governor General

The position if he achieves it, will stand as material tableau vivant in the pageant of the Masseys In many ways the old order of the family is changing and it is perhaps as well that Hart Massey has gone to his rest behind the great bronze door of his stone mausoleum in Mount Pleasant Cemetery His grandson Denton has deserted the ranks of the Grits his grandson Vincent has taken to himself the mantle of another religion his grandson Raymond is given to endorsing ads for Schenley's whisky in the slick magazines The family company is controlled by E P Taylor who made his money out of beer and the family mansions are now institutions on a rundown street which has been cited as one of the most artificial in Canada

And yet the family name is as bright as ever and the monuments still endure to mark the curious mélange of patriotism and practicality not unmixed with a strong streak of ham which for five generations has given the Masseys their unique and unchallenged position at upper centre on the broad Canadian stage ★



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I Guarded Churchill

Continued from page 11

understanding of that unique and magnificent man is to set down a few of the things I heard him say and saw him do in the lonely weary moments when history wasn't watching.

I was not always by the way, a personal admirer of his. When I first became his personal detective in 1921 I had found his manner brusque, offhanded, even rude though thin piggish.

But I soon began to see through the rough façade, to wait for the gruntnod to break up in that boyish smile. It did not take me long to like him. In a little while I came to love him. Most of his personal staff called him The Old Man. My own nickname for him was "Father" (which I used scarcely more than I did not use in his hearing).

He was not an easy man to work for, not in any rate in the particular capacity assigned to me. He hated any fuss about his protection. In general he approved of Scotland Yard's methods, which aimed at being as discreet as possible, but he raised a quizzical eyebrow at me more than once when on our wartime travels the more ostentatious methods of some of our Allies in affording protection got on his nerves.

Flying Blind Over France

Although he recognized that some measures had to be taken for his security, he was confident that in any real pinch he, Winston Churchill, would probably be able to look after himself personally. When we were at Chequers (the country house of Britain's prime ministers, he often went to a nearby range and proved himself a first-class shot with his Mannlicher rifle, his .45 Colt automatic and a service .38 Webley. He was particularly deadly with the Colt and there would have been little chance for anyone who came in range of that weapon with unfriendly intent.

Not that he was armed constantly or even frequently. In the main he was content to rest his last line of defence on the .32 Webley which I carried in a chamois leather holster of my own design on the inside and between the two buttons of the left breast of my suit-coat. But once, in June 1940, not long after he had become Prime Minister, there came an occasion when I was glad as he to remember those hours he had spent on the practice ranges.

In his desperate efforts to prevent the fall of France he had flown several times across the Channel and on the thirteenth day of that fateful June we were actually flying blind waiting for instructions as to where we could find the French Cabinet. What strange, what incredible days those were! The Prime Minister of Great Britain, thousands of feet up in the air, trying to discover the whereabouts of the leaders of our principal ally! It was like some terrible fantasy.

We landed eventually at Tours. The roads were choked with the inevitable refugees, but we arrived at last at the local police station where contact was made with the French Government. I have heard of people seeking a lost purse or a lost dog at a police station, but this was my first experience of enquiring for a lost government at one. We were told that Mr. Churchill could meet the French Ministers after lunch.

Mr. Churchill was taken into neighboring offices for the conference. A hysterical woman (who knows what the poor soul had been through?) tried to tell Mr. Churchill, as he left the meeting, Winston Churchill came out with Reynaud and both of them had tears in their eyes when they said good-by.

Throughout that trip he had known that he was up against personal danger and that it would be difficult to get in and out of France in the last days of that country's resistance. Before we left he said to me suddenly: "Theseus, bring me my revalver."

And when I brought him his favorite Colt .45 automatic he added: "One never knows, I do not intend to be taken alive."

From then on, every time he took that trip, he took it armed, and throughout the war his revolver was always handy.

But when danger threatened him on his native soil, he was a different man. During the Blitz and the Battle of Britain it was almost impossible to persuade him to pay even a minimum heed to his own safety. In this his attitude during these exciting days was typical of many thousands of others. His interest in what was going on during the bombing was fully greater than his fear of what might happen to him. He simply would not allow his hands of living to be altered to suit Adolf Hitler. Throughout the roads he worked on until the early hours of the morning. I had to be on hand with his respirator and steel helmet. I do not think he would ever have entered an air raid shelter except that he thought he ought to give an example to others.

He was in the London flat with Mrs. Churchill on the morning of Sept. 3, 1939 when war was declared. As soon as the first air raid warning sounded, immediately after Mr. Chamberlain's broadcast speech, Mr. Churchill stalked to the entrance of the flats and stared up into the sky like a war horse scenting battle.

It took some time to persuade him to go to the air raid shelter. Finally he grabbed a bottle of brandy and set off, leading the little party down the street to the basement which had been prepared. In the shelter he prowled around like a caged animal. Nor did his affinity for air raid shelters increase with the importance of his position. Shortly after we had moved to No. 10 Downing Street—a deathtrap in my opinion—a bomb fell nearby while Mr. Churchill was dining in a basement room with Sir Archibald Sinclair, Oliver Lyttelton and Lord Brabazon. The Old Man left his guests, stalked into the kitchen and ordered the staff to go to the shelter immediately. Then he returned to the table. Soon afterward another bomb crashed down between the Treasury and No. 10, wrecking the kitchen and demolishing a nearby Army hut. Not until then did Mr. Churchill and the others adjourn to the shelter.

At last he was persuaded to use a safer building. Even then he would never leave No. 10 until the guns had started; then he would walk through the barrages around St. James's Park to No. 10 Annexe, which was at the Park end of the Board of Trade Building. It was not far, but it was dangerous enough for the Prime Minister to be about unprotected. Once we had only been in the building a very short time before I was startled by the noise of a terrific explosion. On going outside we found that a bomb—later identified as a thousand pounder—had been dropped on the very spot over which we had passed a minute or two earlier.

A Bawling Out From the Boss

Another night Mr. Churchill stood with Sir John Anderson in the doorway of No. 10 Annexe, watching the shell bursts and the searchlights. At the entrance were double doors, one of which was closed. Mr. Churchill was standing in front of Sir John on the open side. Suddenly I heard something whistling through the air.

"Something's coming this way," I shouted.

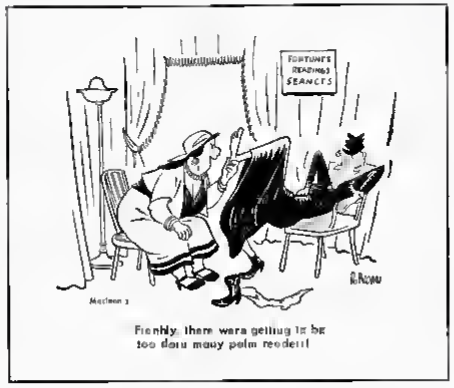
In the same second one of our shells hit the railings opposite and exploded. I flung my arms round the Prime Minister and swung him bodily behind the closed door. He was horrified and indignant. "Don't do that," he roared at me.

It may have been lucky that I did for some of the shrapnel flew through the open doorway, and a colleague of mine in the rear of the party was hit, but it still took Mr. Churchill a little while to recover from his anger.

On one occasion Mrs. Churchill made him promise to go down below when the raid started, and requested me to see that he carried out her wishes.

So when I made my usual report to him about the approach of enemy bombers and gave him all the information available about the strength of the enemy, he gathered up his papers and we marched down to the basement room. I was mystified by the docility with which he went downstairs and noticed with some apprehension the

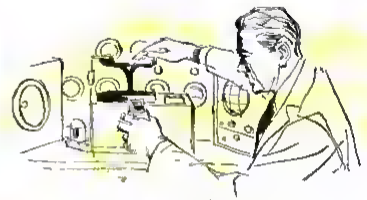
Continued on page 80



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Continued from page 78

cynical smile on his face When I had seen him into bed and arranged every thing ready for him at the bedside I went to turn out the light

"Leave it on, Thompson," said the Old Man

I retired to my own room but I did not undress Sure enough not long afterward Mr Churchill rang his bell I tapped at the door and went in He had put on a dressing-gown and was gathering up his papers

"Well Thompson I have kept my word" he said with a chuckle "I came downstairs to go to bed Now I am going upstairs to sleep"

One night the King dined with Mr Churchill at No 10 Downing Street When the raid became heavy they adjourned to the shelter

Air Raids From the Rooftops

Mr Churchill would keep leaving the shelter to walk round the garden just to see how things were getting on His Majesty tried to restrain him several times but Winston insisted on going

Once when he was walking out without his steel helmet, I moved to the doorway and clapped it on his head Winston with an absent-minded gesture flung it off Later I did manage to persuade him to wear the helmet

His worst habit, from my point of view as his bodyguard, was of going onto the roof of the Annexe to watch the raids The harder the Germans hit, the more often he would go up there and nothing would dissuade him

He would stand on the roof in his thick siren suit an RAF greatcoat and steel helmet, smoking a cigar and watching intently as explosions and fires lit up the blitzed city On these occasions I used to take him to the top floor in the elevator Then with much exertion he would climb the winding staircase to the roof

One night after the bombs had come particularly close he said "I am sorry to take you into danger Thompson I would not do it, only I know how much you like it."

"I am not at all sure about that, sir," I answered "But what I am concerned about is your safety I do think that you should stop going up the roof and risking your life unnecessarily"

Firmly and sincerely came the reply that overruled all my protests "When my time is due it will come"

I sometimes suspected that he had an almost superstitious belief that no harm could come to him as long as he was in the England he loved and whose destiny rested so much on his stalwart shoulders. At any rate, on our numerous trips outside England —as in our trips across the Channel while France was falling he was in closer to be much more prudent During his trip to Ottawa in 1941 he so far relaxed as to stroll outside to large guards that he astonished me his permanent bodyguard by asking to see Inspector R. S. Wilson of the RCMP and telling him gravely "I am honored to be under the surveillance of your famous force"

Nor did he object during a secret visit to Turkey soon after the Cairo conference which a Scotland Yard colleague and I set outside his railway coach all one night with our guns at the ready, even though armed Turkish troops were guarding the railway sidings. Turkey was then neutral and our Ambassador Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen had advised him on his arrival that the Germans knew he was in town During a visit to Greece with civil war hovering in the winter of 1944-45 a few sniper's bullets splattered near the armored car from which we alighted in Athens, and later three-quarters of a ton of German dynamite was discovered in a sewer near the hotel at which Churchill was believed to be staying That night he slept aboard the British cruiser Ajax —and I slept too

And at the momentous Teheran conference in 1943 Mr Churchill was as security-conscious as the most scrupulous policeman could have asked On our drive from the air strip to the British Legation I was worried by the seemingly casual measures that had been taken for the protection of Churchill Roosevelt and Stalin, There were far too many people strolling around within "potting" distance

I was not surprised when Mr Churchill sent for me We have information that German agents have been dropped by parachute," he said "They will try to assassinate one or all of us"

The Prime Minister was due to visit [illegible] Embassy which was about a mile away At the last minute he decided not to go, but sent me alone on a "dummy run" As a result of what I saw, new and better positions were arranged for the standing guards.

Winston in the Buff

The Old Man was at his most amusing and co-operative best one morning in Palm Beach, Fla where he had stolen a brief holiday after his visit to Ottawa and Washington He expressed an urge to go for a swim near the private villa in which we were staying I asked him what kind of swim suit he would like as I was going out to get one for myself

"I don't think I need one" he said "It is entirely private here Nobody knows I am staying in this place and I have only to step out of the back door into the sea"

"You could be seen through glasses, sir," I suggested.

"If they are that much interested, it's their own fault what they see" Winston growled

The morning before we left Palm Beach it was raining and Winston decided to take his last bathe When he was undressing there came a shout from the beach Mr Churchill was told that a fifteen foot shark had just swum by within a few yards of the shore but it was thought to be a harmless mud shark

"I'm not so sure about that," said Winston with a smile "I want to see his identity-card before I trust myself to him"

As he sat down in the shallows by the water's edge he asked me to keep a look-out "Let me know if that inoffensive shark comes back" he said But we saw no more of it and when he left the water Mr Churchill remarked "My bulk must have frightened him away!"

In the second instalment of his story Detective-Inspector Thompson tells how Winston Churchill at an age when most men are taking it easy started his hectic day with a cigar at breakfast and worked right through till morning with a whisky-and-soda at his elbow This will appear in the next issue of Maclean's. ★

SAY YES Give enough

CANADIAN ECCENTRIC



Why Gabe Wept at Saint John

AS SIR JOHN Manners-Sutton boarded the ship that would carry him home to England two hundred Miniseet Indians waved farewell from the wharf at Saint John, N B Their chief, Gabe Acquin famous as a guide paddler swimmer and runner broke into tears

Manners-Sutton later Viscount Canterbury was the best friend the Miniseets ever had As lieutenant-governor of New Brunswick from 1854 to 1861 he hunted and fished with them and interpreted their hearts at his official parties

Each New Year's Day he invited the whole tribe to his mansion at Fredericton to sit in the ballroom and watch the whites dance. He explained that since the Indians often put on their feathers and danced for the whites it was only fair that the whites should perform for the Indians occasionally.

A two-fisted drinking man Manners-Sutton was indignant when Premier Samuel Leonard Tilley passed the first provincial prohibition act in British North America in 1851 However responsible government was in the flush of youth and the governor hesitated to intervene

He had a well-stocked cellar of his own and produced several bottles from it when he met Gabe. Acquin went salmon-angling on the Miramichi River that summer spring Gabe acting as guide paddled Manners-Sutton in a large rock in the centre of the fast-flowing stream and left him there to step over a pool Gabe himself returned to the shore

"Time for a drink now" the governor called to Gabe after he had fished for a while Brisp and a bottle

"No" said Gabe "no drink and until you repeal that prohibition law

"Stop joking and come out here"

"I'm not joking You're there on that rock and there you stay until you say you'll repeal that law."

Gabe wasn't joking either After Manners-Sutton had been on the rock without liquor or food for twelve hours he gave up

You win," he shouted to Gabe who had all this while been watching from the shore and helping himself to the governor's liquid and solid sustenance "Come and get me and I'll vote the law I hate the hideous thing anyway"

Manners-Sutton was a man of his word What Gabe hadn't reckoned on was that the governor-in-action would arouse a hundred pirated from temperance elements and tread the British government to recall him Gabe could buy rum once more but he had lost his beloved hunting and fishing companion and had also hurt Manners-Sutton's career.

That's why he wept that long ago day in 1861 on the wharf at the seaport of Saint John Ian Sclanders.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canadian colorful past Maclean's will pay $50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadiana editor Maclean's Magazine 481 University Avenue Toronto. No contributions to this department can be returned.

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How to Raise Ten Kids In Six Rooms

Continued from page 19

the Teskey house on Davisville Avenue, north east Toronto, was introduced to the three oldest boys, Bob, thirteen, Greg, twelve, and Paul, ten. The boys came into the living room and shook hands, sat down when their father invited them to and were silent through out the adult conversation. When addressed they answered without a trace of the smart aleck that characterizes the young Canadian male.

The visitor could stand it no longer.

"How do you manage this?" she exclaimed to the Teskeys. "Have you beaten them into submission?"

In answer Frank wheeled to address his ten year-old Paul, who was your last spanking?"

"Oh golly, dad. Two or three years ago anyway."

"Can you remember what it was for?"

Paul thought a minute. "Oh yeah," he said with a grin. "It wasn't a spanking. Greg and I were throwing mud on the girls and you made us put soap on our tongues."

"Only we swallowed it," added Greg. "And another time when Paul told I was fighting you made each of us hit the other one on the head with your razor strop." Frank and his sons laughed heartily at this recollection.

The visitor soon realized the Teskeys don't regard their children as sweet little automatons. They seem to find them all interesting people. Listen with their whole concentration when they speak, never interrupt or try to finish a child's sentence if he falters.

"Bedtime now," said the mother after a while.

The three boys rose, said goodnight politely and went upstairs. Their bedroom was above the living room, but they appeared to go to bed soundlessly.

How do the Teskeys do it?

"You've got to be tough when they're young," is Frank's answer. "I handle the disciplining of the children and by the time they're two they are so accustomed to obeying that we have no problems.

The Teskeys believe a six-month old baby is old enough to try and get something over on his parents. "I'll take off the baby's wet clothes, wash and dry him and powder him and assure myself that there's nothing wrong," says Frank. "Then I put him down and let him scream it out."

As the baby grows older he is given a little tap for pestering in something he has been told not to do. Nothing is ever put out of reach in their home. "I let the baby know what he can have and what he can't have," says Helen. "Any baby old enough to creep is old enough to learn that." (Denise, at the age of eleven months, once crawled over to a box full of bright buttons, eyed it longingly but crawled away without touching them. Her mother hadn't said a word.)

By discipline the Teskeys don't mean the twenty four hour relentless variety. Fifteen minutes a day done properly and at the right time will take care of it. "They say, 'Another important factor in rearing contented children is for the parents to back up one another's decisions to the hilt.' This is no problem for the Teskeys for each considers the other a most remarkable person.

"Finally," adds Frank, "you've got to tell your children you love them or how is the kid gonna know?"

The Teskeys love for their children goes beyond vocal appreciation. Both parents always take time out for something that is important to a child. They were admiring consultants when three of the boys built a racing car out of orange crates. They promptly framed the first piece of art their oldest daughter brought home, the lamps thirteen year old Bob made at school are in the front living room.

When twelve year old Greg came home despondent over a 22-0 shellacking at hockey his father remarked acidly, "You'd have been better to lie down on the ice. Maybe that way they would have tripped over you on their way to the goal." The next night he was out coaching his son's team later saw them beat their tormentors 4-3. Last winter he coached three hockey teams in the Catholic Youth Organization and a girls' basketball team. The man loves kids.

Helen Teskey shows her love of her children in her care of them. They are all spotlessly clean, never a button missing or a hole in a sock. She's the type who can be eight months pregnant, have cookies in the oven, two children in bed with the flu and a washing in the machine in the basement and still be unruffled when someone drops in. "Sit down," she insists. "We'll have a cup of tea."

Teskeys Are Born at Home

She's a strong woman with the lanky limbs build of a good athlete. In high school she won every sprinting award going and was in turn junior, intermediate and senior champion on field days. Although she has been pregnant a total of seven and a half years she has no trouble getting her figure back. She once said: "The only thing that bothers me during my pregnancies outside of the nausea at the beginning is that my leg gets sore." When her ninth baby was born she got up the same day to help the younger children get to the bathroom and get ready for bed. "That was a mistake. Next baby I'm going to stay in bed two or three days."

The last six Teskeys were born in the six room house on Devisville Avenue. Helen always refuses any anaesthetic because she likes to have something to eat as soon as it's over.

"But don't get the idea that it gets easier as you go along," warned her husband. "The last one took forty eight hours of labor."

"That wasn't the last one that was the seventh one, Jim," Helen interrupted.

"We've had fifteen minute babies, too," continued Frank, unabashed. "That was Greg, plays second base now in a semi-pro league. I'll take a fifteen minute baby anytime."

Have any of the Teskeys arrived before the doctor?

"Sure. Once I was the only other person in the room when a baby was born."

"Twice," said Helen.

"Twice was it? Oh yeah, Margot was a ten minute baby, wasn't she?"

Frank is fairly vague about names and ages. He once remarked: "Our Margot is good in school. She's only a little kid, six or seven or so, but she's in grade something-or-other. A real student." Margot is eight and is in grade five.

When the sixth baby was due the score stood at four boys and four girls, the girls wanted another girl and the boys were pulling for a boy. After the delivery the doctor stepped into the dark hall and called: "Okay kids, I know you're awake. Come and see you new sister!"

The children stumbled into their mother's bedroom, the girls with smiles of delight and the boys looking a bit grumpy. Frank got them all back to bed after a while, said goodnight to the doctor and made Helen some tea and toast. They were just settling down for a few hours sleep when the boys came tiptoeing back. They had been worrying about their poor reception of the baby and wanted a chance to do it over again. "Say, she isn't bad," they said to their mother sheepishly. "She's kind of cute at that."

A few months later Ontario Liberal leader Walter Thompson's daughters gave Frank a puppy to bring home. The boys were elated when it turned out to be male. "Now we're even!" they shouted.

None of the Teskey children thinks babies emerge from rose bushes. As soon as Frank and Helen know a new baby is on the way the children are told and with great delight they help their mother shop for nighties and diapers.

Potatoes For Bored Kids

The Teskey household never seems to reach the frantic crescendo achieved by most young families just before dinnertime when the babies are hungry, the younger children are tired and cranky, and the elder ones bored. Children who are bored can peel potatoes—fifteen to twenty of them—or feed the babies. Cranky children are sent to their room and ignored until their tempers improve.

The household moves with shaming efficiency. "How do you manage?" exclaim her friends. "Nothing to it," answers Helen. "We all help." Most of the children are experienced with a dish towel in right year old Rose cleans out the washing machine, seven year old can scour the bathroom sink, a three-year-old can fetch the baby a powder and a clean diaper. The children put their own clothes and toys away, keep their rooms and the bathroom tidy. Helen maintains a gloss on the front living room but feels that keeping the children happy is just as important as housework.

Once an Frankie's insistence she hired

Continued on page 84

NEXT ISSUE
HOCKEY'S GREATEST SCORER
By TRENT FRAYNE
Failing an act of God, Maurice Richard of the Montreal Canadiens will break the professional hockey scoring record early this spring. Here's a behind-the-scenes look at one of the sport's least-known celebrities.
IN MACLEAN'S NOV. 1 — ON SALE OCT. 26

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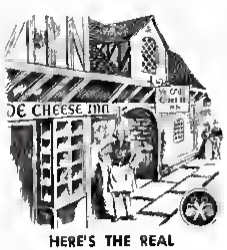
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MADE BY KRAFT

ASK YOUR SERVICE DEALER HOW "FALL WEATHERIZING" PROTECTS YOUR CAR

Continued from page 83

a once-a-week cleaning woman and fired her in disgust a month later. "Let lining the drapes on the line to blow clean down the street and Venetian blinds vacuum through the downstairs and put a wanking in the machine in the time. It took her to clean the bathtub," said Helen. "I was paying her to watch me work."

Like all housewives Helen sometimes has days when she bangs pots in her temper by a thread. "Someone spills coffee on the freshly waxed floor. It rains all day, the children whine, everything she touches needs to be mended." She never explodes. "That would make things worse, but she goes to bed as soon as the babies are tucked in and leaves the older children to do their homework and put the misdeeds to bed."

Homework is done on the six foot kitchen table in an atmosphere much like that of a lightly supervised study hall. There is a fair chance that the work will get published and the older children's marks sometimes help the younger ones.

But there is a distressing basis play.

The laundry is half-done house-work. She changes the clothes in the younger children's twice and sometimes three times a day, keeps the sheets on eight beds clean and fresh. This results in four washdays a week, a bath of which Monday when she mixes two dozens and shuts smaller ones. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. She irons all day Tuesday over a hundred and eighty shirts in one.

She says modestly enough, "I have more potatoes to peel, a few more vegetables to prepare — that's about all. We don't use any more pots and pans than a small family. They average ten dollars a day on groceries, and try to save money on food. We have raw vegetables like celery and tomatoes, as many dinners and plenty of milk and fruit. We save it on dentists' bills. Last year when we had six children in school they missed a minimum total of half days of school through illness."

The Teskeys have an urge to move out of the city and farm on a farm. Only big trouble with city living is the lack of space, says Frank. "The kids get used to the hazards and they enjoy the disadvantages of a city. Part of the children love your bad paper routes that year they have added an extra and in two different high schools to get the most out of the many activities they play hockey and baseball in organized leagues.

The children are kept well dressed and well fed by a combination of good management and hard work. Teskeys is a reporter-photographer with the Toronto Daily Star and Star Weekly and puts in a fabulous amount of overtime. A few weeks ago Frank started to work at seven in the morning, came home for his dinner and returned to his office until twenty minutes to seven the following morning. He earns better than five thousand dollars a year.

How with managing most of the money and is sure-red when she can't save any. She gets the best cuts of meat like orphan tip must because there is no waste and always gets the very best quality snowsuits and shoes. She buys between twenty and thirty pairs of shoes a year but figures shoes aren't budget dictators. We spend about seventy dollars a year on each child for clothes," she estimates. "I save a lot of money by getting good things that will last." Often they purchase clothes in a second-hand store downtown.

And besides that," adds Frank, "there are people all over the city helping the Teskeys. The other repair man knocks himself out fixing our kids shoes just because he knows we're a big family. Jocko Thomas and Howie Anderson of the Star give us shoes their kids have outgrown. The pharmacy and the children's store where we deal send us gifts when we have a new baby. We get discounts and wholesale prices for some things. All this we provide him with a child. Frank's great sentimentalist promptly purchased Helen a gaudy bouquet and has done so ever since, usually including a *boutonnière* for the baby. A few years ago he met his neighbor's wife on the street.

"Well, Mrs. Wilson," he said, "I see you've had roses an I have."

"Roses?" she said blankly.

"Yes, you know. For your six children."

She stared. "I've never had roses in my life!"

Fifteen months often Frances, Bob was born. Gregory followed exactly a year later, and Paul two years later. Though she had four children under school age, Helen didn't feel overworked. "I managed all right," she says. "It happened that Barney Frank worked on a Star newspaperman in the Collingwood district, got in a twelve hour day as a steamfitter in the shipyard and at night was caretaker of the Ball Telephone building. Saturday nights he worked in the Arcade. "Had a hot oil steam then," he grins.

When Tommy Lytle, managing editor of the Star, offered him forty dollars a week to come to Toronto as a reporter, Frank was making four hundred dollars a month in Collingwood. He was at his home there had four small children. "Well," said his wife, "you've always wanted to work on a city newspaper. This is your chance." He took it.

They found the six room house they now live in and rented it for a while. After selling their home in Collingwood they bought the Toronto house and had it paid for in five years. It has the conventional floor plan of many narrow city homes with the living room and dining room joined by a wide archway to the side of the entrance hall and the kitchen at the back of the house.

They're literally bursting out at their home now. Frank has knocked out the bank wall and added the kitchen and built a small porch which can be glassed in to make a playroom for the smaller children. Upstairs the master bedroom is the smallest and the other two bedrooms are shared by the six children. The boys' room has two double deck bunk beds. The Teskeys plan putting their four oldest girls into three-quarter beds in the girls' room with the two girls in the same room. Frank built five shelves in the two rooms with separate cupboards at the top for storing winter clothes and blankets. We're unhooked but the beds are clean and comfortable," says Helen. "That's more than some kids get."

Religion is important in the Teskeys. "It's background explains Frank. "We all say our Rosary every day. He's like a shot in the arm pays bigger dividends than International Nickel.

He was influenced strongly in his enthusiasm by a large family by an experience he had as a young man in Collingwood. He came upon Howard Smith, one of the town's more successful citizens, crying bitterly on his front steps one morning. Smith had two children. One died in his teens and the other had left home that day. "If I had my life to live over again I'd have twelve kids," he told Teskey. "I thought of the time we couldn't afford more than two and now it's too late."

Say the Teskeys about their children: "As many as come are welcome." ★



child. "Kids will always forgive you for a happy division," Frank comments.

Psychiatrists say the essential factor in raising happy well balanced children is that they be given a sense of security and a feeling of being wanted. The Peskys children have that in handfuls. The parents haven't been away from their children in fifteen years. When they have a holiday they pack all the children in their station wagon and take them too. They freely leave their children even for an evening. "When you're raising a family you can't do much else," explains Frank. "We can't have seats with our friends as a my turn your turn basis. They have to come here." Infrequently the Teskeys step out and have a sitter but last winter they left the children in the care of their two eldest.

Bob and Fran started their homework when we left and waited up for us," Helen said. "We only want a block away to a bowling alley and we phoned once during the evening. We have too many little children to take any pleasures.

The Teskeys had their opportunity to raise their family in a small town and rejected it. Both come from Collingwood on Georgian Bay. Helen was an only child, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ulcurb Mullet, who ran the Arlington Hotel in Collingwood. Frank was one of five children of Joseph Teskey a night engineer in the shipyard and Anna May Teskey. His father died twelve years after a fall in the shipyard that broke most of the major bones in his body.

Although Frank had known Helen in high school he didn't start dating her until the year he coached his basketball team. "She was a lousy basketball player," he recalls. "Why not?" matters his wife.

"You never scored a point!"

"I was a guard and besides the coach wasn't very hot."

Their first child Frances, a replica of her mother, was born the first year they were married. Frank loves to tell the story of a neighbor who told him when a husband should always buy roses for his wife when she presents him with a child. Frank, a great sentimentalist promptly purchased Helen a gaudy bouquet and has done so ever since, usually including a *boutonnière* for the baby. A few years ago he met his neighbor's wife on the street.

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The Principle of the Thing

Congratulations on your fine spirited editorial in Maclean's Outside The Constitution (Aug. 15). It is the principle of the whole thing which so seriously matters. How dare any federal government initiate with the producers right to offer for sale any commodity, food or anything else, which is demonstrably good or even merely harmless? If the principle of protecting special interests in this extreme way is extended it makes a mockery of democratic government. Legislation could legally demand that all the radishes sold in Germany there would be ... John R. Thompson, Windsor, Ont.

● Personally as a peanut butter addict, I refuse to eat butter at any time. If all other consumers in Canada would do the same the situation would be soon corrected. H. S. Everett, M.D., St. Stephen, N.B.

● Did you ever stop to consider the capital investment of the dairy industry compared with that of manufacturers of any other single commodity? Did you ever see a new being milked? Do you know the amount of butterfat required to produce a pound of butter? Did you ever figure the price that a producer receives for a quart of milk? Would you like to see dairy products off the market? D. B. Ireland, Deseronto, Ont.

● What difference is there between the suppression of the right of citizens to eat what they want to and the suppression of free speech in Communist countries? F. Edwards, Regina.

● You are to be congratulated. Human publications were in frank and honest with their columns the long-suffering consumer might experience redress from unscrupulous wrongs. C. L. N. Hunter, Toronto.

More About Grey Owl

In the August 1 issue I read the article about Grey Owl. I was in the same class with Archie Belaney at the Hastings Grammar School around 1899 and we were together for about two years. He and I went the same way home from school and he used to talk about the menagerie he had and I asked if I might see it. He took me into his garden one day but I had to promise not to tell anyone. In rows of glass cages he had made himself



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Waldorf Salad — *Lemon Sherbet*
Coffee

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2. *Cover a large chop plate with crisp lettuce and place the Waldorf Salad in a mound in the center. Cut thin wedges from an unpeeled red apple, as each wedge is cut, drop it into the orange juice. Press the apple wedges, skin side out, into the mound of salad.*



3. *Arrange alternate portions of orange and grapefruit sections around salad with clusters of white seedless grapes in between. Then ... for flavor that's lively yet delicate, garnish with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing ... it's truly delicious, truly different.*

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there were toads, frogs snakes lizards and so on . . . I believe I was the only boy in the school who had the privilege of going into his place at that time. H. B. Palmer, Acton, Ingland

● From my short acquaintance with him I felt Archie Belaney to be a very exceptional character with a wonderful personality. H. L. Cassidy, Tatamagouche, N.S.

● I sincerely hope Mr. Traynor's data on the life of Grey Owl are more truthful or than his knowledge of Northern Ontario geography. Timagami is in the north part of Timagami Lake. George Bry writes while Timiskaming as you know is in the Upper Ottawa. The old fellow of Timagami (who didn't remember his) was even better than her viewers description when she steamed over the height of land between the above mentioned two places. Bear Island is eighteen miles west of Timagami on Timagami Lake and not between that and Timiskaming as your article implied. W. B. Marborland, North Bay, Ont.

Oscar is an Ice-Cubist

With reference to Oscar actuarial Argument, it is very clever and appropriate for this season of the year but I would you please inform him that ice cubes float. W. E. Flung, Abbotsford, B.C.

Oscar, who is a Dane, is almost certain that Danish ice cubes sink

Under the Tent

When I read the story of the boy who got lurched under the circus tent (Maclean's, Sept. 1) it brought happy memories. When I was a boy the Barnum Show came to Oshawa and the first few children who got into the tent early I have to ride on Jumbo's back. I was second so the attendant put me on top of Jumbo's head and took us around the ring.

I am rightly two now and I wonder how many are living now . . . and had experience.—G. A. Thompson, Brampton, Ont.

A Cheer for Ernie Bergloss

An orchid to Morley Callaghan for a great piece of journalism. How Ernie Dougherty Beat His Critics (Aug. 15). This article should do much to erase the shame and disgrace now associated with stuttering and stammering. W. B. Marshall, Toronto

HOW OUR WOMEN READERS SEE OUR HUMORISTS



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN — "The best bet"

IRC NICOL — "Very charming person"

JOHN IARGO — "Look in the mirror, Mac"

The Marriage Clinic (Aug. 1) is one of the funniest things I have read in a long time. That Eric Nicol is contribution was especially good. How he expects to continue in singleness after that I do not know. He really should have a bodyguard. That restrained but humorous twist to his mouth and amused look in his eyes. Brown I bet won't help him either. Sophie Holmes, Toronto

● Mr. Allen is by far the best bet, as a man. Mr. Nicol is a very charming person, but the trouble with him is he does thumbs he is charming. Mr. Largo, did you ever look in the mirror in the morning? An Old Lady, Montreal

● If Eric Nicol cannot write a short article without slipping in a dirty crack he should try for some of the cheap American journals. It is neither expressive nor smart but just disgusting. — F. A. Wood, Hensall, Ont.

To Deepen a Warpath

The New York State Waterways Association is very much interested in the article The Boats that Sail a Warpath, written by Edna Staebler (July 1), covering her trip from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson by way of Lake Champlain.

While New York has modernized the State Canal route between the Hudson River and lower reaches of Lake Champlain it is unfortunate that similar improvements have not been undertaken in the Chambly Canal and Richelieu River which provide the northern outlet from Champlain to the St. Lawrence. The United States Government and the State of New York have contributed a channel of ample width and minimum depth of twelve feet all the way from the Hudson River to the Canadian border. However transportation beyond that point is severely handicapped by a depth of only six and a half feet in sections of the Richelieu River.

The improvement of the Chambly Canal and Richelieu River channels has been endorsed by the International Joint Commission, as well as many business and civic organizations on both sides of the border. John A. Reilly, president New York State Waterways Association, New York

Baxter's Friends and Foes

May I come in and voice my opinion? Keep Beverley Baxter coming. That is why I take the paper a little bit of England. J. Balkyn, Mayerthorpe, Alta.

● Like many other Maclean's readers, I am all fed up, bored and completely disgusted by Beverley Baxter's London ramblings. M. D. Lingeman, Montreal

● I am aware Beverley Baxter is a sort of favorite child of your organization and admit I frequently look first for his London Letter. However I must say that in my opinion the fact that he frequently speaks in commendation of fine brands of liquor such as to make drinking popular does not add to the dignity of your publication. One cannot but have the feeling that this rather brilliant young Canadian is rather a paid agent of the liquor interests or a sharp shoulder in the business. Baxter has disappointed me and in my opinion smeared the brain of his growth long ago. C. K. Morse, Swan River, Man.

Only One Can Be One

I publish Arbroath made one error in his cover of July 15. Under no circumstances can there be two No. 1 posts on the same drum corner. B. Eserfrey, South Porcupine, Ont.

Arbuckle pleads that the light is not the best up near the Arctic Circle

To Work in the Wilds

I raced eagerly through Vilhjalmur Stefansson's, We're Missing Our Future in the North (Aug. 1), because I had the privilege of hearing Dr. Stefansson lecture in Vancouver a few years ago. Though I would much rather conquer the wilds as the partner



of a devoted husband than drag out my days in the soul deadening monotony of office work, that seems to be the way I am doomed to earn my living. How could a lone young woman live in the great open spaces? Helen Borrell, Ocean Falls, B.C.

● You are to be complimented on Stefansson's article and the many other articles you feature which tell the real truth of the country of ours and make us all the more proud of it. The north is not ice cold nor has as much snow as is thought to be the case. Ungava is relatively mild being adjacent to the huge Hudson Bay body of water and could support heavy grazing. Reindeer or muskox would be the best. . . . My advice to any young person is Go North. George H. Michie, Fort Chimo, Ungava

May Nicholls and Her Blood

I am writing this little note to let you know I read your story in the Sept. 1 issue and it was very good. The only part where I think you have a mistake is about losing on the children. I figure I break even in water. After all if a lot of people feel you lose money on these children there would be much less chance of them taking them into their homes. Mrs. May Nicholls, Bolton, Ont. ★

WIT AND WISDOM

Down to Earth—The only job you can successfully start at the top is digging a hole.—*Halifax Mail Star*

How About a Heated Argument?—Just washing things would get better if we like holding a match to a thermometer to make a room warmer.—*Saskatoon Star Phoenix*.

A Matter of Mind—You don't get ulcers from what you eat. You get them from what's eating you.—*Halifax Maritime Merchant*

Crystal in the Clear—The social arbiter advises against giving the bride and groom money as it is soon frittered away, whereas 120 sherbet glasses last forever.—*Victoria Colonist*.

They'd Rather Dye—Lots of women whose hair is turning grey are keeping it dark.—*Calgary Herald*

One Way Out—We have read so much about the bad effects of smoking that we have decided to give up reading.—*Toronto Telegram*

Standard of Excellence—My neighbor's two youngsters have built a clubhouse in their yard. On the wall, in childish lettering, is a list of club rules. No. 1 reads: "Nobody act big, nobody act small, everybody act medium."—*Strathmore (Alta.) Standard*.

Enter the Flat—"PC Smith calling," came a voice from the hall.

"What do you want?" demanded a woman's voice from within.

"It's your husband," shouted the policeman. "A steamroller just ran over him."

"Well don't just stand there talking," commended the wife. "Slide him under the door."—*Niagara Falls Evening Review*

Club Slam—"She plays quite a fair game of bridge, doesn't she?"

"Yes, quite four of you watch her."—*Queen Sound Sun Times*

Sharpies—First mosquito: Here comes a new arrival.

Second mosquito: Good. Let's stick him for the drinks.—*Sudbury Star*

Song Without Words—A young man was proudly showing an old countryman a typewriter. After a short silence the latter said, "Ah, these are high class things are all right but for real good music you want to hear our Gargle on the concertina."—*Toronto Telegram*

No Strings Attached—

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree.
He said: "It's enough to be Fiddle,
Without being Fiddle, D.D."—*Highland Echo (Vancouver)*.

JASPER — **By Simpkins**



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PARADE

THE FUN AND FACT IT SECTION

A YOUNG ONTARIO housewife learned this summer while motoring through Quebec that a working knowledge of French can save a blush of embarrassment. She mentioned to her three traveling companions that she wanted to buy some fruit and asked her husband



to stop when she saw a sign which she thought read PEACHES FOR SALE. The other people in the car, who at least recalled some high school French, couldn't hold back their amusement.

The sign read VERS À PECHER, or in English DEW WORMS FOR SALE.

• • •

In Lethbridge, Alta., a teacher was explaining evaporation to her second grade class. She filled a tin with water and told them the water would be absorbed into the air where it would become a part of clouds and ultimately return to the earth in rain. The experiment received unexpected emphasis with the young pupils when it rained that night.

Next day the teacher brought up the subject of evaporation again and finally walked toward the tin on a window sill with a cupful of water. Before she could pour it she was interrupted by a despairing whisper from a young boy near the front of the class: "There goes our ball game tonight."

• • •

During a trip in the Maritimes a Boston businessman put up in a hotel in a small town on Prince Edward Island. The first day he ordered lobster for dinner and oysters for supper. The next day fish was the main course on the menu, the following day the same, and—much to his chagrin, fish was served for the remainder of the week.

At the end of his endurance he decided to try another hotel and on his way out stopped at the desk to turn in his key.

"No," he replied grumpily, when asked if he was going home. "I'm going up the river to spawn."

• • •

Half an hour before a recent Sunday morning service in a London, Ont., church the organist told the parson the electric organ wasn't working. Together they pushed the right buttons and stops but failed to produce a sound. A couple of wardens arrived and were told of the trouble.

Of course it won't work," one warden said. "The Ontario Hydro was through this district the other day converting to sixty cycles. We didn't tell them about the organ."

The difficulty was solved temporarily when a group of parishioners moved the Sunday school piano into the church from a building next door. After the service one of the wardens phoned an electrician to examine the instrument. The electrician took one look at the organ, reached behind it, inserted a wall plug and then departed through a group of red-faced churchmen.

• • •

A Halifax housewife answered a knock at her back door a few weeks ago to find an Indian standing there offering to sell a large wicker flower basket. Without appearing too eager she haggled the price down to two dollars and bought it. When the Indian departed she ran happily to her front porch—the new basket was a perfect match for one she had paid



ten bucks for six months earlier. Maybe it is unnecessary to add that she is still trying to find a mate for the basket.

• • •

A business girl in a small Nova Scotia town had complained repeatedly to her landlady about the poor meals, the broken window in her room, the lack of heat in winter, but got no action. Finally she told the landlady she was moving. She placed an ad for lodging in the local weekly newspaper and directed that replies be sent to the paper.

A few days after the ad appeared she received several answers. The most attractive described a large bright room, steam heated with excellent home-cooked meals. It was from her landlady.

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